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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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HARVARD COLLEGE
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NOTES AND COMMENTS

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The Peace Message of Benedict XV

THE Letter addressed by Pope Benedict XV "To the Leaders of the Belligerent Peoples," and published on August 15, deserves our most careful study for several reasons: First, perhaps, for the claims which Pope Benedict makes for himself, with the spiritual and moral consequences which logically follow from these claims; second, in order that we may clearly realize the political results which would ensue from a general acceptance of the Pope's Peace Plan; and, thirdly, in order that we may gain a clearer view of certain moral and spiritual principles involved. It should be said that apparently a French version of the Pope's Letter was given out by the Foreign Office in London, while only an English translation appears to have been cabled to this country; and this English translation is so poor, that it is often difficult to make out its meaning. We shall try, however, to make no deductions except from sentences that are absolutely clear.

"Since the beginning of our Pontificate," Pope Benedict begins, "the horrors of a terrible war let loose on Europe, we had in view above everything three things to preserve: Perfect impartiality toward all belligerents as is suitable for him who is the common Father and who loves all his children with equal affection; continually to attempt to do all the good possible and that without exception of person, without distinction of nationality or religion as is dictated to us by the universal law of charity which the Supreme Spiritual charge has confided to us with Christ; finally, as our pacific mission also requires, to omit nothing as long as it was in our power which might contribute to hasten the end of this calamity by trying to lead peoples and their leaders to more moderate resolution, to hasten a serene deliberation of a peace just and durable."

Pope Benedict claims, therefore, to be "the common Father," loving all his children—in this case, all the belligerent peoples—with equal affection; the "common Father" of all, without distinction of nationality

or religion; further, Pope Benedict claims an august source for this "common Fatherhood";—"which the Supreme Spiritual charge has confided to us with Christ." This is not quite lucid, but it evidently means that God has conferred this common Fatherhood upon Pope Benedict, as the Father entrusted authority to Christ; practically, that Pope Benedict is the representative of Christ, both in his common Fatherhood, which embraces all the belligerent peoples, and in the proposals which he puts forward to compose the differences between them. He presides as representing Christ; he makes proposals as Christ's representative. That is the claim.

As Pope Benedict reminds us, he was elected just after the beginning of the World War; in fact, on September 3, 1914, on the eve of the battle of the Marne; he was crowned on September 6, as that decisive fight began. Therefore we may expect that, at such a critical time in his life, Pope Benedict's mind and heart were peculiarly open and alert, sensitive to impressions of events then taking place in the world. He knew, therefore, of the assassination, at Sarajevo in Bosnia, on June 28, 1914, of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne—by Austrian subjects, in an Austrian town. He knew that Austria, which had planned to destroy Serbia in the summer of 1913, instantly seized on this assassination as a pretext, and delivered to Serbia an ultimatum which meant that Serbia must either give up her national sovereignty or suffer the horrors of armed invasion by Austria. To the astonishment of the world, Serbia chose the former course, and, in her reply to the Austrian ultimatum, practically yielded up her national sovereignty into Austria's hands. But this abject self-humiliation was quite useless. Austria declared the answer unsatisfactory, and announced that "the Imperial and Royal Government are themselves compelled to see to the safeguarding of their rights and interests, and, with this object, to have recourse to force of arms." This declaration of war against Serbia dated at Vienna, on July 28, 1914, was the actual beginning of the World War. On the same day, July 28, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Berlin telegraphed to Count Berchtold, the Austro-Hungarian Secretary for Foreign Affairs: "The proposal for mediation made by Great Britain, that Germany, Italy, Great Britain and France should meet at a conference at London, is declined so far as Germany is concerned on the ground that it is impossible for Germany to bring her Ally before a European Court in her settlement with Serbia." (This is Document No. 35, in the Austro-Hungarian Red Book.)

It must have been perfectly well known to Pope Benedict that (1) Austria had delivered an outrageously unjust ultimatum to Serbia: (2) that, even when Serbia accepted its terms, practically without reservation, Austria announced that this was unsatisfactory, declared war and,

in fact, precipitated the World War; and (3) finally, that both Austria and Germany declined any form of mediation, arbitration or peaceful settlement; declined any decision, except that which might be obtained by force of arms. Benedict XV must have been, and must be, quite well informed as to who, in fact, began the World War, and on what pretext. Further, he must have followed the events which followed each other so swiftly, at this impressionable period of his election. He must have learned that, at 7 p. m. on August 2, Germany presented to Belgium "a note proposing friendly neutrality. This entailed free passage through Belgian territory, while guaranteeing the maintenance of the independence of Belgium and of her possessions on the conclusion of peace, and threatened, in the event of refusal, to treat Belgium as an enemy. A time limit of twelve hours was allowed within which to reply." (This is Document No. 23, in the Belgian Grey Book.)

Germany demanded permission for her armies to pass through Belgium on the pretext that France was preparing to attack her. In his book, "Germany and the Next War," published a year earlier, Bernhardi had written: "Let it then be the task of our diplomacy *so to shuffle the cards* (*die Karten so zu mischen*) that we may be attacked by France . . ." (page 280 in the English translation published by Longmans, Green and Co.). Bernhardi meant, of course, not to "shuffle" the cards, but to "stack" the cards, as a cheating cardsharper does. But, even using this method, German diplomacy failed. France not only did not attack; she withdrew all troops to a distance of ten kilomètres from her frontier, in order to make chance collisions impossible. The trick of the cards having failed, Germany had recourse to another even more elementary. Announcement was made throughout Germany that French aviators had dropped bombs on the Nürnberg railways. This was, of course, simply a lie: "The *Magistrat* of Nürnberg has avowed to Privy Councillor Riedel that all reports of the kind are false; and Professor Schwalbe has confessed as much in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift* of May 18, 1916."

All this must be perfectly well known to Pope Benedict, and is, without doubt, perfectly well known to him. We have quoted from the two documents which actually started the World War: Austria's outrageous ultimatum, followed by her declaration of war against Serbia; and Germany's ultimatum, equally outrageous, to Belgium. These are the actual causes of the condition which Pope Benedict so eloquently depicts: "the war continued desperately for another two years with all its horrors. It became even more cruel and extended over the earth, over the sea, and in the air, and one saw desolation and death descend upon the cities without defense, upon peaceful villages and on their innocent population, and now no one can imagine how the sufferings of all would be increased and aggravated if other months or, worse still, other years are about to

be added to this sanguinary triennium. Is this civilized world to be nothing more than a field of death? And Europe, so glorious and so flourishing—is it going as if stricken by a universal madness to run into the abyss and lend its hand to its own suicide?"

Here, then, is the condition brought about by the war, as Pope Benedict sees it. The documents proving that Germany and Austria prepared, caused and launched the war, we have just given. No judicial body could have the slightest doubt as to where full culpability lies, for the horrors which Pope Benedict deplores. What, then, in the presence of this quite simple situation, clearly showing the crime, the criminals and the victims,—what, then, is Pope Benedict's moral attitude? He tells us himself: "Perfect impartiality toward all belligerents"!

Surely, a more complete moral abdication it would be impossible to imagine. But the formidable thing, from the spiritual point of view, is that, in thus making a parade of his moral blindness, Pope Benedict claims to speak as one entrusted with supreme authority by God, as the representative of Christ. . . . In effect, the essence of the Teutonic crime is murder and lying. Does Christ in fact maintain towards murder and lying the attitude of "perfect impartiality"? As quoted by the Apostle of Love, Christ's attitude is this: "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do: he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it. . . ." (John, viii, 44). Perfect impartiality! . . . Is it not, on the contrary, the fact that, in his moral judgments, Christ is unflinchingly just—one may say, absolutely unrelenting? Has he not given us the exact measure of his own stern justice? "Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment. . . ." Thus Christ speaks with unmistakable decision, for the high integrity of God.

There is, in the Pope's Letter, a later sentence which brings this nonmoral standpoint into still higher relief, the sentence in which Pope Benedict says: "As to the damages to be repaired and as to war expenses, we see no other means of solving the question than by submitting as a general principle complete and reciprocal condonation. . . ." The dictionary meaning of condonation is, "pardon, forgiveness," Therefore Pope Benedict sees no other means of solving the question of the wrongs inflicted in this most iniquitously contrived war, except mutual pardon, mutual forgiveness. . . .

Let us try to work this out in detail. Austria plotted the national destruction of Serbia, and, after Serbia had soundly thrashed her, enlisted

the aid of Germany and Bulgaria and filled Serbia with ruin and desolation. Well, according to Pope Benedict, Serbia is to forgive Austria, and Austria is to forgive Serbia. . . . Again, Kaiser Wilhelm, in direct violation of the pledge of Prussia, brought abominable devastation to King Albert's realm. Then let King Albert forgive the Kaiser, and let the Kaiser forgive King Albert. . . . . There was reported, from Belgium, wholesale outrage inflicted upon Belgian nuns by German officers and soldiers. Pope Benedict bids the nuns forgive the German soldiers—and bids the German soldiers forgive the Belgian nuns. . . . There was, in Belgium and in France, wholesale shooting of women and children by German soldiers. Let the dead women and children, through their surviving kindred, forgive the soldiers who bayoneted them; let these German soldiers forgive the women and children whom they foully murdered. . . . The men and officers of German submarines murdered over a thousand non-combatants, largely women and children, when, by the Kaiser's orders, they torpedoed the Lusitania. Let the immortal Lusitania dead pardon their murderers, and let the murderers forgive the women and children whom they murdered; for Pope Benedict sees no other means but mutual condonation. . . .

But, we may be told, forgiveness, pardon, is a Christian obligation; therefore Pope Benedict, in thus asking for mutual condonation, is fulfilling his duty as a Christian, as "the Father of the faithful," to repeat his own phrase. We say, on the contrary, that, in thus asking for the forgiveness of unconfessed, unrepented sin, Pope Benedict is contravening a cardinal dogma of his Church. According to that teaching, a priest "cannot and may not absolve one indisposed," that is, unrepentant; "absolution presupposes on the part of the penitent, contrition, confession, and promise at least of satisfaction." Absolution is only possible "where there is true repentance and sincere confession"; there must be sincere detestation of sin, and "the motive of this detestation is that sin offends God." We are further told that "God himself cannot forgive sins, if there be no real repentance." (*Catholic Encyclopedia,* "absolution" and "penance.")

When and how, therefore, did Germany and Austria show contrition, confession and promise of satisfaction? Has Kaiser Wilhelm, have his lesser accomplices, manifested that "real repentance" without which not even God himself can forgive sins? The very question is full of stinging irony. And this irony arises from the obliquity of Pope Benedict's moral vision. Surely the exact contrary is the fact: Germany is notoriously unrepentant; so far from confessing, both she and Austria continue to lie; to lie in their prayers even, as to their part in launching this most iniquitous war—as one of Pope Benedict's Cardinals did, on a recent and memorable occasion, at Vienna. To teach that the women of France and Belgium should forgive the men who enslaved them, while

these remain obdurate, insolent, exultant, is, perhaps, thinkable—though we hold that Christ taught no such obligation, while the Church of Rome explicitly teaches that even God himself cannot forgive unrepented sin. Forgiveness by the victims is, as we say, thinkable; but is there not a profound outrage to the moral sense in the suggestion of "mutual" forgiveness?

As a practical policy, Pope Benedict gravely proposes a general disarmament, and the establishment of a universal court of arbitration "according to the rules to be laid down and the penalties to be imposed on a State which would refuse either to submit a national question to arbitration or to accept its decision." On this, several comments suggest themselves: first, that disarmament has been discussed again and again, only to be met with a direct negative, always from Germany. Unless Pope Benedict has definite certainty (something more substantial than verbal assurances or scraps of paper) that Germany will now reverse herself and consent to disarmament, there is something futile and irrelevant in making this the foundation-stone of his peace proposal. If he has made the suggestion while practically certain that Germany will never accept it and carry it out honestly, then, in making this suggestion, there is a lack of good faith.

Pope Benedict goes on: "Once the supremacy of right has thus been established"—that is, by disarmament and arbitration—"all obstacles to the means of communication of the peoples would disappear by assuring, by rules to be fixed later, the true liberty and community of the seas, which would contribute to ending the numerous causes of conflict and would also open to all new sources of prosperity and progress." The presence in this sentence of the German catchword "the freedom of the seas," makes it desirable to comment on this rather enigmatical phrase.

Here is the first comment: "In times of peace the freedom of the seas has been so long enjoyed by the whole world that men are apt to take it for granted. . . . Four centuries ago the doctrine of international law which declares that the high seas are the common property of all nations was not accepted. On the contrary, a Papal award of 1493—at a time when the Papacy was the supreme international arbiter—practically gave a monopoly of most of the world's seas to Spain and Portugal; and for a century thereafter the ships of all nations but these voyaged at their peril in the South Atlantic, Indian and Pacific oceans." Thus writes Professor Ramsey Muir, in a recent pamphlet, "Mare Liberum," page 2. It appears, then, that in time of peace the freedom of the seas has been long enjoyed by the whole world. We do not clearly see how a condition which has long existed "would open to all new

sources of prosperity and progress." That the great historic violation of the freedom of the seas was due to a predecessor of Pope Benedict, is interesting but not relevant.

But there is the other side of the question, the freedom of the seas in time of war. The author just quoted sets forth very lucidly the German view on this question, as brought out in the discussions which led up to the abortive Declaration of London in 1907—abortive, because the British Parliament refused to ratify it. Professor Muir says: "The German view of freedom of the seas in time of war was that a belligerent should have the right to make the seas dangerous to neutrals and enemies alike by the use of indiscriminating mines; and that neutral vessels should be liable to destruction or seizure without appeal to any judicial tribunal if in the opinion of the commander of a belligerent war-vessel any part of their cargo consisted of contraband. . . . At the same time she was anxious to secure to belligerent merchant-ships the right of transforming themselves into war-ships on the high seas. Thus, a belligerent merchant-ship might sally forth as a peaceful trader under the protection of the 'freedom of the seas,' and, so long as it carried no contraband, be safe from interruption by the enemy; then, picking up guns in a neutral port, it might begin to sink enemy or neutral ships which, according to the judgment of its captain, were declared to be carrying contraband; and this without reference to any court of law. Such was—and is—the German doctrine of the freedom of the seas." ("Mare Liberum," pages 12-13.)

Which suggests two comments: First, that the use of a phrase with such directly opposite meanings in Pope Benedict's Letter, makes not for clearness but for confusion; second, that we have here an excellent illustration of a fundamental fact: namely, that, in all discussion and controversy, Germany makes any phrase mean exactly what she wishes; she seeks to give it, not a fair and honest meaning—for fair-play as an ideal has for Germany simply no existence—but precisely the meaning which is most advantageous to the selfish interests of Germany. Thus, every item in the above-quoted German doctrine of "the freedom of the seas" is deduced from the fact that the British navy is greatly superior to the German; Germany, by a series of tricks, tries to counteract this superiority. It is a fair supposition that, had Germany had the stronger fleet, "the freedom of the seas" would have had no greater currency than, say, "the freedom of the Belgians."

But, with this unvarying action of the German mind, it is not unnatural that other nations do not greet with enthusiasm Pope Benedict's suggestion that they should agree to settle, in conference with Germany, questions like the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, the reconstruction of Poland, the future of Armenia and the Balkan States; nor are other

nations overanxious to have Germany set her signature to further scraps of paper.

We believe then that, in holding forth the hope of universal disarmament, unless he knows that Germany will not only agree to it, but will really carry it out, Pope Benedict is simply cherishing delusions and asking others to cherish them. We hold that, in appealing to "the spirit of equity and justice," so far as Germany is concerned, he is appealing to something which has no existence; and that, in seeking to build a durable peace on Germany's "spirit of equity and justice," he is seeking to build a house upon the sand. His persistent ignoring of the notorious bad faith of Germany must fill the Allies with a pitying scepticism as to the validity of his whole appeal; while his "perfect impartiality" between criminal and victim profoundly shocks the moral sense of every honest nation, of every honest man and woman in the world. No; no moral clearing of the issues of the World War can be even begun, until it is recognized, and frankly stated, that justice and righteousness are with the Entente Allies, while the Central Empires have been fighting, and are now fighting, for the principles of evil.

That Pope Benedict, claiming to be the representative of righteousness and justice, should counsel a "perfect impartiality," blind to the difference between good and evil, is disgraceful. That he should do this in the name of "the Redeemer, the Prince of Peace," invoking the light and counsel of the Divine Spirit, is more than disgraceful.

As these Notes are written, only one reply to Pope Benedict's Letter has been made public: That of the President of the United States. President Wilson takes his ground firmly on moral principle, the principle of international honour and the sanctity of international engagements. It is useless and dangerous, he tells Pope Benedict, to try to found world peace on a treaty with Kaiser Wilhelm, whose government has made the breaking of treaties a principle of state policy; useless to form a confederation of nations for the preservation of peace, with the German Emperor as a party to it, since the actual confederation of nations which, in 1831, pledged itself to preserve the inviolability of Belgium, and of which the kingdom of Prussia was a member, furnished the "scrap of paper" which has passed into history. Germany was also pledged to solemn observance of The Hague Conventions enjoining humanity, honesty and protection of noncombatants in time of war, while Germany has notoriously—and of deliberate purpose—violated every principle of these conventions. These deliberate violations of her plighted word of honour by Germany were, of course, just as well known to Pope Benedict as to President Wilson, yet Pope Benedict does not hesitate to say that "the honour (of the German army) is safe." One would like to take the testimony of noncombatants in Belgium and

occupied France, for the most part members of the Church of which Pope Benedict is head, concerning "the honour of the German army."

Certain things in President Wilson's Reply are more debatable. For example, a passage evidently inserted as an afterthought, since it interrupts the logical sequence of the Reply, takes exception to "economic agreements." But the fiscal policy of the United States is based upon an economic agreement, wholly selfish in purpose; while the economic agreement entered into at Paris by certain of the Entente Powers has as its sole purpose, to check Germany's power to prepare for "the next war"; and this is also the chief purpose of President Wilson. And, as the United States is not a party to the Paris agreement, there would seem to be a lack of propriety in any criticism of that agreement by the United States Government, especially any criticism in a sense hostile to the purpose of the Entente Powers.

President Wilson also speaks deprecatingly of "the dismemberment of empires," obviously meaning the empires with which the Entente is at war: the German, Austrian and Turkish empires. But, to begin with, the United States is not at war with the Austrian and Turkish empires, and, therefore, has no standing in the future settlement to be made with these two empires; further, in what he has already written of Poland, "united, independent and autonomous," President Wilson has already implied the dismemberment of the Russian, German and Austrian empires, to that extent; and there is the obvious case of Armenia, which implies a dismemberment of the Turkish empire. Nor could the aspirations of nationalities (to which President Wilson adheres) be realized, without the dismemberment of the Austrian empire. There is in this a lack both of consistency and lucidity.

But the United States is actually at war only with the German Empire and is, therefore, concerned with the German Empire only. And it would seem that his phrase deprecating the dismemberment of empires is in fact addressed to "the German people," with whom, President Wilson has several times said, the United States has no quarrel. This position appears to us open to grave exception on several grounds. First, the German Empire has been built up by quite recent acts of rapacity. If the fact that Alsace-Lorraine was iniquitously taken from France entitles these two provinces to separate treatment, then the same reasoning of necessity applies to Schleswig and Holstein, as iniquitously taken from Denmark only six years earlier. And exactly the same thing is true of Hesse, Hanover and Nassau, as iniquitously seized by Prussia in 1866. It is impossible to serve at once the integrity of justice and the integrity of the German Empire, which has been built up by

rapacity and injustice. If justice be the criterion, then the German Empire must be, and ought to be, dismembered.

The President takes this position, inconsistent with historical justice, in pursuance of his theory that the German people does not share the blood-guiltiness of this iniquitous war; with this belief, he would condone the equally iniquitous annexations of Bismarck (with the exception, perhaps, of Alsace-Lorraine), since this condonation is necessary to preserve the unity of the German people, even though, in doing this, he would of necessity fasten Prussian domination upon the German people. But we do not share the belief that the German people is in any sense free from blood-guiltiness, or from the fullest responsibility in every act of cruelty, terrorism and fraud committed by Germany. Nor do we hold that "the masters of the German people" are in any degree more guilty than the German people which upholds these masters with servile adoration, and which, in its individual members, has made itself the willing, eager instrument of every one of these atrocities. The practical test is this: Was the German people, as a whole, ready to share the plunder? An accessory after the fact fully shares the guilt of a crime; and the German people have been accessories not only after, but during and before the launching of this most iniquitous war. But we may well leave the disproof of this position to the logic of events. As regards his main position, the inviolability of international honour, President Wilson seems to us to stand on the firm rock of spiritual principle.

In the order of nature, necessary things, as air, water, earth, the God of all goodness has made common and easy of attainment. Nothing is more necessary than breath, sleep, food, and nothing is more common. Love and fidelity are no less necessary in the spiritual order, therefore the difficulty of acquiring them cannot be as great as you represent it to yourselves.

Rev. J. P. de Causade, S.J.

FRAGMENTS

THE disciple, if truly a disciple, must also be a priest. He will live in such close communion with the Master that he will make of each common act or detail of life a sacrament, and so turn the bread and water into the Eucharistic flesh and blood—make of himself a channel that Christ may use to feed with the bread of life, which is Himself, all those who approach him. To pass this communion chalice to others, we must first drink of it ourselves, and so we must watch with the Master in Gethsemane, and be able to pray His prayer there from our hearts.

Not all of us can hope to reach Calvary, where we can say, "It is finished," but the Garden is offered each one. Mostly we turn away from it, and leave Him to suffer there alone for us.

Can we not bear in mind this priestly function in even the smallest contact with others, for love of Him? making of ourselves tabernacles where the veiled Christ lives perpetually, to minister to all who approach the Sacrament of His love?

From a Master. Convention, 1916.

"Throughout each moment of these two following days, bear this thought constantly in mind: that you have it in your power, by united effort and devotion, to make of this Convention a momentous one. This is a day when men are being sifted—as individuals, as organizations, as nations. It is an accounting day in the Lodge, and the ledgers are being balanced. Part of the veil has been drawn aside, and men are staring at realities; some with sightless eyes, it is true, but others with understanding. We held back our hands an instant, and the hounds of hell leaped forth. And so the crisis—foreseen, in some sense precipitated.

"I am at Verdun, and I send you this from the heart of battle. *Dîtes, vous aussi, Ils ne passeront pas!*"

. . . . . .

Comrades: The Master has given us a consign, *"Ils ne passeront pas!"* Let us use it as a mantram, as they are doing in France, to galvanize even our cold hearts to the flame of His love and service. Let us meet each mood, each temptation, each slackening of the will with the flash of its steel—determined to conquer—to die if need be—but to conquer eternally for Him.

CAVÉ.

CYCLIC LAW IN ART

With Comment upon the Relations of Art, Science and Religion

THE History of Art illustrates the parable of the tares and wheat —good and evil flourish, side by side. It is a piece of changeable silk; one sees the colour he looks for, sees whatever he brings, sees his own soul, in fact,—just as the artist himself can not paint or carve or put into tones or words anything else than his own soul or lack of soul. But while good and bad art thus flourish side by side, there are large encircling periods or cycles which govern art production, just as, on the small scale of a year, the cycle of the seasons controls the output of tares and wheat. Recognition of these cycles, their orderly progression, and of the smaller cycles that develop within them, will clarify and enlarge the understanding of any period of civilization and also of individual works of art.

For purposes of convenience the year 1858 may be taken as the beginning in England of one more effort to revive the civilization of ancient Greece, and to substitute its mode of life for what the promoters of this revival took to be Christian ideals. In 1858, William Morris published his *Defence of Guenevere,* a protest and reaction against mid-century literature of which Tennyson is the shining leader. The turning toward ancient Greece was part of that reaction. Three champions of the Greek revival were Matthew Arnold, Walter Pater and Swinburne. The common effort of these men, and of William Morris, was to escape from restraint,—Arnold, in the sphere of the intellect, Pater and Swinburne in the sphere of philosophy, æsthetics and morals.

At the same time, another group of men were working to spread abroad acquaintance with Greek civilization—a group of university scholars, literati of the first rank. These men worked inconspicuously, and, unlike Arnold and Swinburne, their work and their names are scarcely known, save to professional students of literature. I refer to the translations from the Greek made by Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf and Ernest Myers. These scholars were not belligerent self-advertisers, and did not seek the public stage of controversy. But, as scholars and critics, it was not possible they should be blind to the startling differences between ancient Greek civilization and the results obtained by the English would-be-Greeks. In a prefatory sonnet to the translation of the Odyssey, Andrew Lang suggests that the modern imitators of Greece would be purged of moral sickness, if they would drink copious draughts of true Greek vintage.

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the Pale of Proserpine,
Where that Aeaean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach,
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

Mr. Ernest Myers, in his Introduction to the Odes of Pindar, written in 1874, warns thus against the methods and aims of those evangelists whose Bible is *Marius the Epicurean:* "One symptom of the renewed influence of antiquity on the modern world is doubtless, and has been from time to time since the Revival of Letters, a tendency to selfish and somewhat sickly theories so-called of life, where sensibility degenerates through self-consciousness into affectation, and efforts to appreciate fully the delightfulness of life and art are overstrained into a wearisome literary voluptuousness, where duty has already disappeared and the human sympathies on which duty is based scarcely linger in a faint æsthetic form, soon to leave the would-be exquisiteness to putrefy into the vulgarity of egoism."

To have a concrete example, by which to test general statements that may be made, I am going to insert (in abbreviation) a familiar incident from the Iliad, the scene between Hector and Andromache. It is one of the most celebrated pieces of Greek literature, and no one will dispute it as characteristic of Greek art and life:

"Hector smiled and gazed at his boy silently, and Andromache stood by his side weeping, and clasped her hand in his, and spake and called upon his name. 'Dear my lord, this thy hardihood will undo thee, neither hast thou any pity for thine infant boy, nor for me forlorn that soon shall be thy widow. But it were better for me to go down to the grave if I lose thee; for never more will any comfort be mine, when once thou, even thou, hast met thy fate, but only sorrow.' Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her: 'Surely I take thought for all these things, my wife; but I have very sore shame of the Trojans and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if like a coward I shrink away from battle. Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me, as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom. So shalt thou abide in Argos and ply the loom at another woman's bidding, being grievously

entreated, and sore constraint shall be laid upon thee. And then shall one say that beholdeth thee weep: 'This is the wife of Hector, that was foremost in battle of the horse-taming Trojans when men fought about Ilios.' So spake glorious Hector, and stretched out his arm to his boy. But the child shrunk crying to the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse, dismayed at his dear father's aspect, and in dread at the bronze and horsehair crest that he beheld nodding fiercely from the helmet's top. Then his dear father laughed aloud, and his lady mother; forthwith glorious Hector took the helmet from his head, and laid it, all gleaming, upon the earth; then kissed he his dear son and dandled him in his arms, and spake in prayer to Zeus and all the gods." Why is this piece of poetry so enchanting—and why is it so unsatisfactory? It is wonderfully beautiful,—its dignity, nobleness, serenity, poise, its delicacy,—there is nothing else like it. But the situation is one of great pathos—pathos that fails to move us, that brings, instead of tears, a smile to our faces. Is not our feeling toward Hector and his wife exactly that of a mother whose child has been startled by a fall on the grass, without receiving harm from the fall? The mother says to the child: "Come, let me kiss your shoulder and everything will be all right." Her kiss is curative; the child romps along the path, the fall forgotten. We smile at the woes of Andromache and her lord, because we know their pains go no deeper than can be reached and remedied by the equivalent of a kiss. They are children. Greek civilization is the culmination of a cycle of childhood. Its art, the full flower blooming at the end of a cycle of civilization, is the only fully developed and complete art now in the world.

Much qualification is necessary to explain what is meant by "the cycle of childhood." We live in a new cycle, different entirely from the Greek; in our cycle, childhood has changed along with everything else. We associate with childhood unfathomed depths of wisdom drawn from the Heaven that lies about us in infancy. It is the other aspect of childhood, and that only, which we must think of as the characteristic of Greek civilization—unselfconsciousness—the thing which constitutes the innocence of the child. In the child the faculty of reflection, of self-reference, has not yet developed—it is conscious of things around it in the world—it is not conscious of itself. Its life is an April day, sunshine, cloud, showers; sunshine, showers, clouds; they pass along, and the total result is pleasant and delightful.

Hector, Andromache,—Antigone, if you object that Homer is archaic and does not represent Greek life at its culmination—the entire Greek race, like some five year old child, was incapable of a feeling that could stir themselves or us. They could not know grief or sorrow such as we are familiar with—Wordsworth's Michael, for example:

> 'Tis not forgotten yet
> The pity which was then in every heart
> For the old man—and 'tis believed by all
> That many and many a day he thither went,
> And never lifted up a single stone.

It would not be fair to call the Greeks heartless, because that word implies the atrophy of faculties through disuse or misuse. It is a term of reproach. We do not reproach a child who cannot experience tragic suffering. The Greeks were not heartless; accurately and literally, they were unhearted. It is that lack in them that makes us prefer their headless statues—the Victory, fortunately, lacks the Milo's tell-tale eyes—empty. The Milo and Andromache are interchangeable. Beautiful pieces of furniture, animated stone. What man of our cycle would endure either of them as a companion? It is impossible to name an individual of our cycle who illustrates fully the Greek type of character. But Griselda Grantly, the impassive beauty of Barchester, suggests that unselfconscious, unhearted race: "'It will kill me,' said Mrs. Grantly (the breaking of Griselda's engagement to Lord Dumbello), 'but I think that she will be able to bear it.' On the next morning Mrs. Grantly, with much cunning preparation, went about the task which her husband had left her to perform. It took her long to do, for she was very cunning in the doing of it; but at last it dropped from her in words that there was a possibility,—a bare possibility,—a bare possibility,—that some disappointment might even yet be in store for them.

"'Do you mean, mamma, that the marriage will be put off?'

"'I don't mean to say that I think it will; God forbid! but that is just possible. I dare say that I am very wrong to tell you this, but I know that you have sense enough to bear it. Papa has gone to London, and we shall hear from him soon.'

"'Then, mamma, I had better give them orders not to go on with the marking.'"

The endowment of humanity with heart was accomplished by the Incarnation. The word "heart" is used in a comprehensive way—it includes mental things, the faculty of reflection, the faculty of self-consciousness. It includes the literal meaning of the Greek word *logos,* "the mind of God," and also all that is contained in the fact that that incarnating *logos,* or mind, the Son, was (and is), also, the Heart of His Father. The Cycle of the Heart would be no misnomer for our present cycle—a name that drives deeper into our realization the significance of the great war. France leads in this war against brutal heartlessness. And France, alone of the nations, is dedicated to the Heart of Christ, with victory promised, according to the tradition, when His Heart shall be blazoned upon her flag of state.

The Incarnation affected the nature not only of man but of every mote of dust in the universe—of every atom. With our finite intelligences, we are always wronging some part of Christ's twofold nature—we wrong either His Humanity or His Divinity. I believe we think of His birth in Bethlehem as a detached thing—as a mathematical point almost. We would do better to think of that birth as the apex of an inverted triangle that covers the whole universe. The Infinite Transcendent *logos* when He came down to earth to dwell with us, took upon

Him not only the flesh of man, but the flesh of fish, the flesh of bird, the flesh of flower, the flesh of rock. From Transcendent, brooding over the world, He became Immanent also, resident in every portion of space, resident in the narrow limits of a human personality. Do you think it is the idle fancy of a diseased brain when Shelley speaks of the one Spirit's plastic stress,

> . . . bursting in its beauty and its might
> From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

Or maudlin affectation when Wordsworth writes:

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

It is not fancy—it is perception of the truth of things.

The Greeks could not write such emotions and sentiments about the world of nature or about human relations, as Shelley and Wordsworth have written, because they could not feel them; and they could not feel them because they were not yet facts to be felt. The *logos* did not dwell with the Greeks—He was transcendent only. Their religion is a child's interpretation of the transcendence they intuitively and instinctively felt. When we call the Greeks pagans, we should be careful to remove from that word "pagan" the reproach and condemnation we justly give to materialists of our day and cycle. The Greeks were spiritual to the full extent it was possible for them to be. To them, life was not a fortuitous thing, but something willed and controlled by transcendent deity; they pictured that transcendent deity as the Gods of Olympus. They sensed the depths of the Justice of Deity; but their childish processes could represent that justice only as the inscrutable ways of Nemesis—Fate. They divined the self-existence of Deity, and therefore gave to their gods an imperishable immortality. But man had no share of that glorious immortality (the gap between man and God was not yet bridged by the Incarnation). They were spiritual enough to feel intuitively that man's life too must continue. But what dreadful immortality they rightly gave him!—the sad twilight of the Elysian fields—a realm of phantoms—free indeed from positive pain and suffering, but full of the negative pain of yearning—futile longing for the pleasures of earth, sorrow's crown of sorrow—the remembrance of joy past never to return. No wonder they dreaded their euphemistic Abode of the Blessed, and shrank from death as an end-all. Think of mighty Ajax, the slayer of armies, how he wilts and can make no effort even against the King of Shadows: "O Death, Death, come now and look upon me! Nay, to thee will I speak in that other world also, when I am with thee. But thee, thou present beam of the bright day, and the Sun in his chariot, I accost for the last, last time,—as never more hereafter. O sunlight! O sacred soil of mine own Salamis, firm seat of my father's hearth! O famous Athens, and thy race kindred to mine! And ye, springs and rivers of this land—and ye plains of Troy, I greet you also—

farewell, ye who have cherished my life! This is the last word that Ajax speaks to you: henceforth he will speak in Hades with the dead." * What a change has come into the world since that phantom King of Death was vanquished by the King of Heaven and earth! A French priest, a soldier in a division ordered to advance "at any cost," writes thus on the eve of the attack from which he knows he can scarcely expect to return alive: "To die young, to die a priest, as a soldier, during an attack, marching forward, while performing the priestly function, perhaps while granting absolution . . . to give one's life for the Church, for France, for all those who carry in their hearts the same ideal as I do, who are quickened by the same faith . . . Ah! truly Jesus spoils me! *Que c'est beau!*"

The Greek feeling about nature is that of transcendent Deity. How grateful we should be to them for their spiritual perception of a transcendent deity who brooded over flower and tree and stream—whom they represented as the nymphs and other creatures dwelling in flower and stream without being part of the flower. Today, however, the sunset itself is breathless with adoration—God is indivisibly united with His creatures. When the rose fades, and is no longer recognisable as rose, He is present in the atoms that constitute the former petals. Not a leaf rots on the highway, wrote Carlyle, but has force in it. We are engulfed in immortality—we cannot escape it.

What is there hid in the heart of a rose,
Mother-mine?
Ah, who knows, who knows, who knows?
A man that died on a lonely hill
May tell you, perhaps, but none other will,
Little child.
What does it take to make a rose,
Mother-mine?
The God that died to make it knows.
It takes the world's eternal wars,
It takes the moon and all the stars,
It takes the might of heaven and hell
And the everlasting Love as well,
Little child.†

Greek civilization closed the Cycle of Childhood. The Italian Renaissance is the first flowering of Art in the new Cycle led in by the Incarnation. Three great manifestations of that Art demand study—painting, Gothic architecture, and the Divine Comedy,—though the Architecture flowered outside Italy in the Cathedrals.

The endowment of humanity with new powers, the reflective powers,

* Sophocles.

† Alfred Noyes.

faculties of mind and heart suggested by the word, *logos,* the lifting of Incarnation. Three great manifestations of that Art demand study—consciousness to consciousness of self, complicates what was simple in Greek life. Greek life was a façade, a plane surface; from a mere circumference it has become a sphere—life is now an interior, chambers opening out of chambers. In putting Renaissance and Greek Art side by side, we must remember that we are comparing the *final* stage of one cycle with the *first* stage of another cycle—and that the comparison cannot be a true one. The Greeks ended a long cycle of development. Stage one of their cycle would be the true comparison with the Renaissance. But stage one is lost to us in buried history. Yet, even in comparing two unequal stages, the result is in favour of Christian Art.

Let us begin with Italian painting, and let us recognize that the relative advantage of the fine arts for a representation of life ranks thus:

1st and lowest, architecture and sculpture which represent life static.

2nd, painting, which adds warmth of colour to static conditions.

3rd, music.

4th and highest, poetry, which contains all the others.

Though Greek painting is lost to us, and Greek music, Greek poetry remains in abundance. But the most salient characteristic of Greek poetry is, it is statuesque. Hector, Andromache, Antigone, Hermes, Psyche—the sculpture and the verse are interchangeable. Even if Greek painting and music remained in any quantity, we should probably find, that, along with the epic and dramatic poetry, all of Greek Art is reducible to terms of sculpture and bas-relief, the most limited of the Arts.

Putting Italian painting beside Greek sculpture, we find the Christian artists defective at many points. The Greeks depicted the truth as they saw it—the beauty of the human form. The Mediævals are depicting the truth as they see it—an interior given to life—a significance utterly lacking in the objects and incidents of the Greek world—a Divine Spirit and Presence pervading the world, a Spirit glowing within, and behind, and below the visible universe, like layer after layer of petals, until human vision can no longer follow it, but loses itself in the golden splendour at the heart of the rose. The Italian painters tried in the most natural way in the world to depict this Spiritual presence—through the scenes of Christ's life in which the *logos* revealed itself humanly. They succeeded in painting transparent light, thus symbolising and suggesting that the visible world is a transparent veil that reveals (or hides) the spiritual universe, just as we, the onlookers, wish. But, as compared with Greek modelling and drawing, what childish efforts—what entire lack of perspective, making us smile just as the Greek interpretations of divinity make us smile!

That faulty drawing, perspective, etc., are natural enough, however.

For while the *Cycle* of childhood has been forever left behind, the *stage* of childhood must continue in human development and in any cycle whatever. The Mediæval painters represent the infancy stage of the new period—the infancy stage with its two aspects already referred to—depths of wisdom which glows unmistakably on the old canvas, together with naïveté, ineptness and innocence, as shown in their childish drawing.

But a difficulty, a contradiction, meets us in the Cathedral Architecture, where proportion, symmetry, balance, perspective are as superbly set forth as in any Greek statue or temple, where there is no suggestion of childish incompetence. Is it explicable?

It is explicable—but with difficulty. This difficulty is due to the domination of Greek philosophy over our thinking—due to the failure of the Church to develop a philosophy of its own. Greek Philosophy is, like Greek Art, the most perfectly developed body of Philosophy in our world. But it belongs to an outgrown world. Like their Art, it deals solely with externals. Greek Philosophy is the science of external life—its psychology, its ethics, its logic, its morals, its political science—all have to do merely with a façade of life. The Greeks in their whole life, hence, inevitably in their Art and Philosophy—were superficial; though they are not to blame for that. They saw clearly what there was to see—namely, a surface. But with the Incarnation, the interior of life was revealed. The old philosophy is as inadequate for the new realms of life as surface measure is to determine the contents of a cube. But, under the protection of the Church, that outworn mental system of Greece continues today as the official philosophy of the world. The disastrous result is the fratricidal war between religion and science.

The function of science in a Christian cycle is to scan and relate and systemize the laws of the inner states and realms, of which we gain knowledge through the experience of the Saints. Guided by a spiritual Church, science would have achieved results fruitful for our souls. But, in the light of history, who can maintain that steadfast spirituality is a mark of the Church—of official religion? To what purpose were such lives as Dante's, Catherine's (Siena), Francis' (Assisi) and Loyola's and others directed? Was it not to set a spiritual ideal before a Church that was absorbed in material aggrandizement? A material Church persecuted or neglected its Saints until intolerance and indifference were no longer possible; then it labelled the experiences of the Saints "Revelation," by which it meant something that happens outside of law and nature, and waved a prohibitive hand at science. And science, for its part, was quite content to keep to the field of exterior life, multiplying the conveniences and luxuries of the body, but, in the main, sterile, and harmful to the soul, by its concentration upon material life. The result is a feud between material religion and material science, each fighting for priority. Instead of a united front against a common enemy, there is dissension in the ranks, strife among allies,—worse than that, warfare

between brothers. For Science, Religion and Art do not constitute a man-made, artificial alliance. They are allies by nature, blood-brothers. The True, the Beautiful, the Good are children of one birth, generals of equal rank, commissioned by their King, Christ, for the stupendous task of civilizing the earth, to make earth a colony of Heaven, to fight and defeat and put to death all that is untrue, all that is hideous, all that is evil,—so that one flag shall fly, alike in the colony and in the mother country, one law prevail in both, one Ruler be crowned, alike in Heaven and in Earth.

The Cathedrals reveal the beauty and perfection of those inner realms—the true world from which material science is barred. The Cathedrals embody in stone the experiences of the great Saints in those realms—the experiences of the Saints in the higher stages of Contemplation. The orderly stages of Contemplation are the keys that open one after one the inner halls of consciousness that the Incarnation built on to the façade of life. These keys are in man's possession, and man has but to use them to reach conscious intercourse with the *logos,* transcendent and immanent, divine and human,—to know the Divine Perfection, its truth and beauty. The Middle Ages—and especially mediæval France—were a rose garden of saints, great saints,

> Continuous as the stars that shine
> And twinkle in the Milky Way.

Their aspirations reached beyond the surface to the heart of life whence flows the vivifying and unifying Blood. Through aspiration, they were led, by way of Contemplation, to actual experience of the Divine Life, Eternal, Spiritual. Contemplation, with its ordered stages, is something higher and greater than the intellectual processes that suffice for dealing with the exterior of life. The Cathedrals represent the experiences of the saints when, in Contemplation, they transcended their minds, transcended their ordinary mental processes and their mental limitations. Their inner experiences crystallized outwardly as monuments of architecture, perfect in poise, symmetry and proportion, equal in mere craftsmanship to any achievement of the Greeks, and, in addition, with a meaning, a significance that cannot be found in Greek Art. Italian painting, also, reveals that inner world of the Saints (the true world) but far less perfectly than French Cathedrals do, and in a lower degree. For as the processes of Contemplation transcend the processes of Intellect, it is impossible to represent correctly in mental terms the realities experienced in Contemplation. Italian painting, with its faults and defects, illustrates that impossibility of translating Contemplation into Intellect. Italian painting records on the mental plane the inner experiences of the saints; it depicts those experiences as they were remembered by the minds of the saints. To represent three dimensions on a flat surface one must be familiar with the laws of perspective. The saints had no mental perspective of truth. Hence the paintings embody

their mental limitations. Whereas the Cathedrals are direct and immediate embodiments of spiritual truth and beauty unmarred by the distorting influence of the mind. The Cathedrals are wholly spiritual, therefore, perfect; the paintings are both spiritual and intellectual—hence marred by the inaccuracy and imperfections with which the mind always confuses truth and beauty.

The form of Art—architecture—in which perfect expression was thus attained, was conditioned by the infancy stage of the new cycle. In that first flowering of Art, man could reach perfection only in the lowest form of Art. The higher forms, painting, poetry await his future. What testimony to the power of Christianity is given by that Gothic architecture! Christian Art, in its first essay, at the bottom of its ladder, equals what was achieved by the pagan cycle only at its apex of development in Greece.

A second difficulty and contradiction immediately arises,—namely the Divine Comedy. It is the most perfect poem in the world, and thus seems to nullify the conclusion just stated; for it would seem that, in that first outflowering, man attained perfection, not only in architecture, the lowest form of Art, but also in the highest form, poetry. But the Divine Comedy is a work of single authorship, while the Cathedrals represent generations and centuries of saints. The solitary preëminence of the poem seems explicable thus. In history, there are minor incidents that, in one respect, are not unlike the Incarnation itself, namely, in this: they are inexplicable from the standpoint of earth. They are events directly controlled by the agencies of Heaven, rather than ends achieved through human intervention. Joan of Arc is an obvious incident of this kind, inexplicable in a human way. The opinions of the early Church Fathers influence one to believe that, among the Greeks, Plato was such an instrument of Heaven. Similarly, in the realm of Art, the Divine Comedy is such an event; it is not the work of man nor of the immanent *logos* working through man—it is a work of the transcendent *logos,* a free gift from God. It seems, in that early epoch of the Christian cycle, when man could give adequate expression to spiritual beauty only in the static terms of stone, as if the Divine Compassion, further to aid and inspire him, sent a special messenger to reveal the mountain heights of poetry that still await man's coming of age.

Today, we are still in the cycle of the heart. What then can be said of present day Art, what about Art of the future? Renaissance Art marks the first epoch of our cycle—the epoch of childhood. But the winsome age of childhood, is, in life, followed by unattractive periods of transition, when a boy, from being a cherub, becomes a distorted juncture of ears and shins, and a girl, a flower of grace, passes into a condition of Futurist lankiness. Cycles of civilization, like children, reach a stage when they are the despair of those who cherish them—something to be kept out of sight. Futurist art, with its distortions and ugliness, most truly represents our present awkward age; our

unattractiveness, our charmless and graceless condition is reflected from those canvasses that are too grotesque for caricatures—that are faithful likenesses.

In despair, we turn for relief to the past, to the Art of Greece. We should turn to the inevitable future. Greece has passed, never to return—impossible to revive. Greece looms as a refuge for those whose endeavour is to escape the Hound of Heaven—His unperturbéd chase continues throughout our cycle. Such refugees, having turned from religion, have then sought throughout the universe for harbour: they were "heavy with the even, when she lit her glimmering tapers, round the day's dead sanctities." But everywhere they turn they hear the swift pursuit of the tireless Hound, since every atom of the universe is His abode. Greece beckons—where men lived content and happy, undisturbed by His Presence and Pursuit. True. But, saturate themselves as they may with Greek Art, they cannot transport themselves behind the Incarnation into that former cycle of unconsciousness and care freedom. They cannot escape from their own souls. The Divine Presence has a centre in their hearts, and His pursuit hounds them out of any fancied security they make for themselves. Greece, too, fails them.

We cannot return to Greek conditions. We shall develop an art that surpasses Greek sculpture just as the statue of bronze excels the course molds into which the hot metal was poured. The new cycle offers splendid possibilities. It will pass on from tomboy crudeness to maturity. The great art of our maturity will obey the same laws that governed Greek production—but on a higher scale, just as our cycle, though so different, still parallels the stages and epochs—the curve of development—of the former era. The Greeks were unhearted, but they were not reprobates. They matured their civilization under Divine guidance, and their art is Divinely inspired. The secret of Greek expression is much repression. An art to be great must have intense feeling, intense passion, but this held with a strong hand, so that each line is balanced, delicate, firm. Where there is tumult, emotionalism, torrents unchained, the result is a counterfeit of art, which some prefer to the reality. Greek art is austere in its restraint. They restrained their passion for beauty of form so that beauty could be manifested. Such restraint is always necessary in order to convey to others what one perceives or feels. How can a man make an instrument a medium of expression,—voice, paint or marble,—until he has control of it? I may love my friend with all the strength of my heart, but if I have no control over my voice I cannot tell him so. If, in a tempest of feeling, I attempt to speak, only incoherent ejaculations will escape me: to make myself understood I must control myself, speak quietly, coherently, logically. If I have no control over the muscles of my face I cannot even smile at him, and in trying to do so may, instead, make a hideous grimace.

Greek Art thus illustrates, in stone, those principles which, since

the Incarnation, are the Way of life for us, the inspiration of our efforts; for that art is founded upon the principle of sacrifice—the sacrifice of the less for the greater beauty. It is austere, rejecting the superfluous in its effort to achieve the last refinement of line. Greek Art is true in that it is a faithful portrayal of life. Christianity does not deny that truth or supersede it. Christianity *enlarges the field of operation* for those principles which the Greeks manifested in their sculpture. Greek Art and Christian Religion are not antagonistic, as is sometimes mistakenly thought; the relation of our Religion to that bygone Art is a supplemental one, adding on to the loveliness of the outer world the splendour of the inner. This true relation of Greek and Christian is eloquently suggested by one of the Neo-Platonist philosophers—those Greeks who in their own persons experienced the extension of horizons that Christ effected. In his essay on Beauty, Plotinus writes: "Withdraw into yourself and look. And if you do not find yourself beautiful as yet, do as does the creator of a statue that is to be made beautiful; he cuts away here, he smoothes there, he makes this line lighter, this other purer, until he has shown a beautiful face upon his statue. So do you also; cut away all that is excessive, straighten all that is crooked, bring light to all that is shadowed, labor to make all glow with beauty, and do not cease chiselling your statue until there shall shine out on you the God-like splendour of virtue, until you shall see the final goodness surely established in the stainless shrine."

C. C. Clark.

"All the really great saints have felt about morality as an artist feels about beauty. They don't do good things because they are told to do them, but because they feel them to be beautiful, splendid, attractive; and they avoid having anything to do with evil things because such things are evil and repellant." Father Payne.

EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY

IV

The Ministry of Angels and the Temptations of the Devil

WE have seen that the fundamental fact in physical life, in our life on the physical plane, is that, on this plane, we are not subject only to the physical forces belonging to this plane, but are subject, in an even greater degree, to the continual pressure of spiritual forces from the planes above; and that to this spiritual pressure from above is due not only the whole process of physical advancement which may be termed biological evolution, but the whole of our moral advancement also, the unfoldment of our spiritual evolution. And our response to this spiritual pressure from above determines the whole of our future progress, our gradual growth into the world of conscious immortality.

As there are these spiritual forces constantly making for our upward progress into the life of the realms above us, so there are forces as constantly at work, hindering and thwarting that advance, tending ceaselessly to draw us into the path of retrogression, of degeneration. And so close is the analogy between these forces, as revealed in our moral experience, and the forces which make for degeneration in the regions observed by biology, that many biologists have classed them together. Thus Henry Drummond, writing of Natural Law in the Spiritual World, drew the closest analogies between biological and spiritual degeneration, and printed on the cover of his able and intuitive work the picture of one of the types of biological degeneration, the hermit crab. In like manner Sir Oliver Lodge, who is a close student of biology though not primarily a biologist, has described the forces of moral evil as forces of degeneration in the biological sense; the spiritual equivalent of the tendencies which draw backward and downward those organisms which have ceased to grow upward.

It is, however, not quite accurate to speak of these forces as drawing backward an organism which has ceased to progress. For such an organism by no means returns to the condition which it had reached at a previous period. The hermit crab which, borrowing the shell of a mollusk, has shirked the effort of self-protection, does not by any means retrace its steps to an earlier crab form; it degenerates but does not return; it becomes, in fact, a morbid and mutilated organism, losing its relative perfection and becoming ugly, weak, unnatural. The forces of degeneration are not simply forces of recession, nor, in any instance,

does an organism which has ceased to go forward, return to the condition which it earlier held. In exactly the same way, in the case of moral degeneration produced by alcohol, though a drunken man loses the moral sense, the power of reason, of focussed vision, of articulate speech, of stable locomotion, all of which an infant also lacks, he does not thereby become an infant nor retrace his steps along the line of progress. He reaches a condition which did not exist at any point along that line of progress; a condition of actual evil, like the malformation of the hermit crab. Even a biologist, therefore, must recognize forces of degeneration and destruction, in addition to the forces which simply retard normal progress, or make that progress difficult and arduous. And those who make spiritual life the subject of their experience and wise experiment will likewise recognize, that, in addition to the tendencies of inertia, of cowardice, of irresolution, which simply check their growth and make it arduous, there are other forces which tend toward actual evil, bringing about morbid and degenerate conditions which are not a return toward the condition of a child or the condition of the primitive races.

It is of universal experience that, as we recognize the pull of the spiritual forces which are striving to raise us upward, to lead us to the realm above us, the realm of our conscious immortality, and, recognizing, respond to these forces and cooperate vigorously with them, we grow into the perception that they are not only beneficent, but are also conscious, endowed with the qualities of personality, and directly responding to the quality of personality in ourselves. But the experiment must be made, and the experience must be gained, within our moral and spiritual consciousness; it cannot be validly reached by any outside or merely mental speculation. Sought for and reached in our moral consciousness, this perception of the personal quality in the powers of good thereafter becomes the most momentous reality in our experience, and infinitely aids our further spiritual progress. And this is one of the best attested facts in all human experience, and by the best witnesses. It is a fundamental fact in the real experimental psychology, in all lands, among all peoples, throughout all times. It further gives us a sound experimental basis for the view that the forces which make for evolution, including those which have presided over each step of biological evolution from the beginning, are not only beneficent forces but are also conscious forces.

The more intuitive biologists have come to this conclusion. Alfred Russel Wallace, who discovered the great laws of evolution at the same time as Darwin, and independently of Darwin, marshalled a series of purely biological evidences to show that, in particular, the physical evolution of man from an earlier, pre-human form had been carried out under the direction of conscious spiritual forces, and could not have been carried out without their interposition. Bergson has put forward the same view, using as an illustration the marvellous formation of the eye, which organisms have reached along quite different lines of development, and therefore independently, not deriving this wonderful

mechanism from each other; and Bergson has argued that it is infinitely unlikely that such a mechanism could be developed twice independently by chance, by such an accumulation of happy accidents as Darwin postulates. It is more than likely that, had Darwin been willing to accept the action of spiritual forces, even as a working hypothesis (and a theorist has the right to make use of any working hypothesis) he would have avoided the innumerable absurdities into which his theory of accumulated happy accidents has led him; for he has completely failed to show why the progressive happy accident—the happy accident which leads the organism forward—should happen at all; much more has he failed to show any reason why these happy accidents should happen at all points, in all periods. Yet this is what his theory of natural selection in fact demands; failing the occurrence of happy accidents, there would be no basis at all for selection; there would be no "fittest" to survive. The truth is, that Darwin simply accepted the fact without giving an explanation, and without even trying to explain it. And he could never have explained it except by admitting the existence of conscious spiritual forces, guiding the evolution of organisms along lines mapped out in advance. Had he been willing to accept the existence of these consciously guiding spiritual forces, he would have instantly found his hypothesis supported by the well observed and endlessly verified facts of moral and spiritual experience, thus making it something very much more than a working hypothesis—a well authenticated reality. Had he done this, the world would have been saved the tragedy of a materialistic theory of development, with the immense impulse towards materialism which has come from it.

The fundamental fact, then, of moral and spiritual experience is that the quality of personal consciousness inheres in the spiritual powers which we feel working and striving to draw us upward towards immortality; to such a degree that we have a sound basis for supposing that all the upward forces are conscious, spiritual, personal forces, even though they may be forms of personal consciousness which it is at present very difficult for us to conceive. But, when it comes to the forces which make for upward growth in our moral and spiritual life, our indications are clearer: we feel ourselves to be in the presence of conscious, personal beneficence, a benign personal consciousness which has a profound understanding, an even deeper compassion, for our human hearts, our human sorrows. Therefore, in addition to divine helpfulness, we are compelled by the continuing facts of our experience to credit these interposing spiritual powers with a depth of human sympathy which would be difficult to understand in, let us say, angels from some distant sphere, able to help, but hardly able to understand or compassionate our human sorrows.

In holding and putting forward such a view, we are thoroughly scientific, basing ourselves on sound experiment and proved experience. On the contrary, it is the materialistic biologist who perpetually closes his consciousness to this field of experience, refusing to make the

experiments which establish it, or to recognize that others have made and are making them, who is thoroughly and incurably unscientific; and who, as we have seen, just because he follows this course, is led into endless perplexities and absurdities.

We shall try, later on, to establish by methodical evidence the reality of this fundamental law, that the beneficent powers are conscious, personal, full of a profound humanity. For the present, we shall use this generalization to illumine the opposite, the darker side of the same problem, suggesting that continued human experience has likewise shown that the forces of degeneration, the forces of evil, are also personal, conscious powers, consciously seeking and working evil.

The great experimental psychologists of the East, who find Consciousness to be the central fact of personal life, have at the same time found it difficult to conceive of an infinite number of personal consciousnesses, coming into being wholly independent of each other. They found that, as Consciousness is the central fact of personal life, so communion is the central fact of consciousness. We are conscious of each other's consciousness, long before we reason about the question; and, indeed, for the most part, we do not reason about the fact at all, simply taking it for granted, and acting upon it in every relation of life. When we speak to each other, we are acting on the innate conviction that a kindred consciousness is there, ready to respond to our consciousness, and, in fact, responding to it.

Resting on this universal experience of communion, then, the great experimental psychologists of the East drew the conclusion that there must be a bridge of consciousness between the two seemingly separate consciousnesses; they must have their synthesis in a higher and deeper consciousness, which embraces them both. So, by ascending steps, they made their final generalization, naming the ultimate reality "the Supreme Consciousness of All Beings." And their experience had already compelled them to assign to this last reality supreme beneficence, infinite goodness, ceaselessly desiring and working for our perfection.

We shall be fully justified in speaking of this benign Supreme Consciousness as the Personal God, if we are careful to assign to Him the essence of our personality, not its limitations and deflections; the pure quality of spiritual consciousness, not the perversions of our personal nature. For, in fact, as we meet and respond to the spiritual power which draws us upward, we do not find in that power these limitations and perversions; on the contrary, we find a perpetual challenge to ourselves, to overcome just these limitations and perversions, with active, effective aid to do it. With this clearly understood, the name, Personal God, is wholly justified.

Are we, then, led by a like chain of experience and inference to postulate an opposite to that God—a single "Personal Devil," the Ahriman of our Ormazd? I think not, and for this reason: if we yield to the forces of evil, we find that they lead, not to a deeper unity, but away

from unity; not to the merging of consciousness in compassion, but to separation of consciousness, in malice and hatred; not to deeper being, but to restriction of being. The logical conclusion of this is, not an evil cosmic unity, but dissolution, annihilation. The true opposite of the good God is not an evil God with equal power, but Nothingness, Void, total negation. And the element of personal consciousness, which we find by experience in the forces of evil, is, in its own colourless essence, not of evil, but of good. It leads us, not to a Personal Devil, but back to the same absolute Good, the beneficent Supreme Consciousness. In other words, that which is real even in the powers of evil, is of God and in God; only the unreal is of evil. We are, therefore led to think of an ultimate conquest of evil by Good; a final purification of evil, the fine divine essence being sifted from it and restored to the God to whom it belongs. This will lead us to some such thought as that of the "fallen angels;" powers, each of whom still possess a particle of the Divine Essence. It will lead us, further, to the thought of an ultimate purification, into which these particles of Divine Essence will be drawn, returning to the God who gave them; their withdrawal bringing about the final, irretrievable dissolution of these powers, their complete and eternal annihilation.

But we shall find that, while completely logical reasoning leads us away from the conception of a single Personal Devil, a bad God, even while we are compelled to accept the fact of personal consciousness in the powers of evil, yet many religions do, in fact, speak of a Personal Devil; many also teach or indicate that this Personal Devil is a "fallen angel," a perverted divine power. We would seem to have a justification of this second idea in the logical conclusion we have already reached; while the thought of a Personal Devil may be simply a personification, a synthesis, of the powers of evil; or he may be, as in Milton's "Paradise Lost," simply the leader among a host of evil powers, one evil spirit among many, distinguished by greater energy, but in no sense an equal opposite of God. Milton, of course, is thoroughly imbued with the idea that these powers of evil are perverted powers of good; that the "ethereal essence" in them is of God. It is the perversion of their nature which is their own, and that perversion is doomed to ultimate annihilation.

In one of the great scriptures of Temptation, the Tempter is Yama, the Lord of Death. As it now stands, the "Katha Upanishad" does not in any way explain the character or history of Yama, but other Indian books tell us that Yama was a king, the king of one of the earlier human races who never tasted death; that, when the time came for death to enter the world, Yama, as king, elected to be the first to die, the first to meet this new, terrible experience; and that, after his heroic death, he became the ruler of the dead; just as in ancient Egypt, Osiris, after his sacrificial death, became the judge of the dead. Thus, though Yama "descended into Hell," this was a voluntary descent, having elements of atonement; it was voluntary, like the descent of Christ into Hell, as

taught in the Creed, this teaching being apparently based on the words "he went and preached unto the spirits in prison," in the First Epistle of Saint Peter. But, while Yama is not the Devil, he is, in a very real sense, the Tempter.

His temptations are addressed to the youth, Nachiketas, whose history once more reminds us strongly of the Creed, though it is thousands of years older. For Nachiketas is the only son of a father, who offers him as a sacrifice; Nachiketas then descends into the house of Death, remains there for three days and, on the third day, rises again from the dead. There is the further analogy that the sacrifice of the only son is made only after the sacrifice of cattle had proved unavailing, thus strongly reminding us of the teaching of Paul, that the sacrifice of Jesus superseded the sacrifice of cattle in the temple.

This is one of the most striking likenesses between the religious teaching of East and West. We shall try to see, later on, how far it is based on experimental psychology, on spiritual experience.

Nachiketas, reaching the house of Death, after he has been sacrificed by his father, finds the dwelling empty. After he has waited three days, or, as the ancient text more graphically says, "three nights," Death returns and, in order to make amends to Nachiketas for the slight he has received in waiting three days without a greeting, offers him three wishes.

Nachiketas immediately asks for the knowledge of immortality: "This that they doubt about, O Death, what is in the great Beyond, tell me of that."

Thereupon Death, as Tempter, seeks to draw Nachiketas away from the quest of immortality by offering him alluring gifts: "Even by the gods of old it was doubted about this; not easily knowable, and subtle is this law. Choose, Nachiketas, another wish. . . . Choose sons and grand-sons of a hundred years, and much cattle, and elephants and gold and horses. . . . If thou thinkest this an equal wish, choose wealth and length of days. . . . Whatsoever desires are difficult in the mortal world, ask all desires according to thy will. These beauties, with their chariots and lutes—not such as these are to be won by men—be waited on by them, my gifts. Ask me not of death, Nachiketas."

It is impossible not to be struck by the likeness of this to another great drama of temptation: "Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. . . ."

Nachiketas, resisting all the allurements of the Tempter, learns the secret of Death and enters immortality. Whereupon these words follow: "Rise ye up! Awake ye! and having obtained your wishes, understand them," as though this scripture of the victory over the Tempter had been used as a ritual, addressed to a number of participants.

In the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, there is another scene of

temptation. The father of Shvetaketu comes to the dwelling of King Pravahana, the son of Jivala, who offers him a wish. The father of Shvetaketu asks to be told the answers to certain questions which the king had earlier asked Shvetaketu, but which the youth had been unable to answer. The questions concerned immortality.

But Jivala, in the character of the Tempter, answers: "This is one of the wishes of the gods. Ask instead a wish of men."

The father of Shvetaketu answers: "I know well; there is store of gold, of cattle and horses, of slave-girls and robes . . ." but refuses to accept anything but the "wish of the gods," the knowledge of immortality.

The wording of this suggests that there was what one may call a sacramental formula of temptation and trial; a phrase which had become representative of all temptation, as has the phrase, "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them."

It is notable that, in both these Upanishad stories, the Tempter afterwards becomes the instructor, the Initiator. And Yama is, further, the Lord of Death, a divine king who has descended into Hell, to perfect a work which has in it elements of vicarious atonement. The Atharva Veda says of Yama, "He died the first of men;" and he is elsewhere spoken of as a "Prajapati," one of the "Lords of beings," of whom Brahma is the first.

There is a close likeness here to another great drama of temptation, the Book of Job, which assigns a divine origin to the Tempter: "Now, there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the Lord answered unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, "Doth Job fear God for nought? . . . And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thy hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord."

Thus Satan, "the Accuser," is counted among "the sons of God," as Yama, "son of the Sun," is counted among "the Lords of Beings;" and Satan tempts Job with the permission, almost under the direction of God.

After Job had triumphed over all his temptations, "the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before;" the numbers of his possessions and of his cattle were doubled. It is worth noting that, in the scriptures of India, the powers of perception and action are called "the cattle which graze in the pastures of life." If a like symbol is used in the Book of Job, then, after the victory over his temptations, Job was divinely endowed with an enlarged scope of life, an added range of perceptive and active powers—the powers and perceptions of the spiritual man.

The same story of temptation is told of Prince Siddhartha, of the family of the Gotamas, who became "the Awakened," the "Buddha," and is therefore called Gautama Buddha, "the Awakened One, of the family of the Gotamas."

The temptation of the future Buddha is related at great length, and with a wealth of Oriental imagery, in the Introduction to the Jataka, the Book of the Births of Buddha. It begins thus:

"Then the future Buddha turned his back to the trunk of the Bo-tree and faced the east. And making the mighty resolution, 'Let my skin, and sinews, and bones become dry, and welcome! and let all the flesh and blood in my body dry up! but never from this seat will I stir, until I have attained the supreme and absolute wisdom!' he sat himself down cross-legged in an unconquerable position, from which not even the descent of a hundred thunder-bolts at once could have dislodged him.

"At this point the god Mara, exclaiming, 'Prince Siddhartha is desirous of passing beyond my control, but I will never allow it!' went and announced the news to his army, and sounding the Mara war-cry, drew it out for battle . . . in that army, no two carried the same weapons; and diverse also in their appearance and countenance, the host swept on like a flood to overwhelm the Great Being (Prince Siddhartha).

". . . He perceived Mara's army coming on like a flood, and said, 'Here is this multitude exerting all their strength and power against me alone. My mother and father are not here, nor my brother, nor any relative. But I have these Ten Perfections, like old retainers long cherished at my board. It therefore behooves me to make the Ten Perfections my shield and my sword, and to strike a blow with them that shall destroy this strong array.' . . .

"Thereupon the god Mara caused a whirlwind, thinking, 'By this will I drive away Siddhartha.' . . . Yet when the winds reached the future Buddha, such was the energy of the Great Being's merit, they lost all power and were not able to cause so much as a fluttering of the edge of his priestly robe.

"Then Mara caused a great rain-storm, saying, 'With water will I overwhelm and drown him.' . . . But on coming to the Great Being, this mighty inundation was not able to wet his priestly robes as much as a dew-drop would have done.

"Then Mara caused a shower of rocks, in which immense mountain-peaks flew smoking and flaming through the sky. But on reaching the future Buddha they became celestial bouquets of flowers. . . .

"Then Mara caused a shower of hot ashes, in which ashes that glowed like fire flew through the sky. But they fell at the future Buddha's feet as sandal-wood powder. . . .

"Then Mara caused a shower of mud, in which mud flew smoking and flaming through the sky. But it fell at the future Buddha's feet as celestial ointment.

"Then Mara caused a darkness, thinking, 'By this will I frighten

Siddhartha, and drive him away.' And the darkness became fourfold, and very dense. But on reaching the future Buddha it disappeared like darkness before the light of the sun. . . .

"Mara . . . drew near the future Buddha, and said, 'Siddhartha, arise from this seat! It does not belong to you, but to me.'

"When the Great Being heard this he said, 'Mara, you have not fulfilled the Ten Perfections in any of their three grades; nor have you made the five great gifts (the gift of treasure, gift of child, the gift of wife, of royal rule, and last, the gift of life); nor have you striven for knowledge, nor for the welfare of the world, nor for enlightenment. This seat does not belong to you, but to me.'

"Unable to restrain his fury, the enraged Mara now hurled his discus. But the Great Being reflected on the Ten Perfections, and the discus changed into a canopy of flowers, and remained suspended over his head.

"Then the Great Being said, 'Mara, who is witness to your having given donations?'

"Said Mara, 'All these, as many as you see here, are my witnesses;' and he stretched out his hand in the direction of his army. And instantly from Mara's army came a roar, 'I am his witness! I am his witness!' . . .

"Then said Mara to the Great Being, 'Siddhartha, who is witness to your having given donations?'

" 'Your witnesses,' replied the Great Being, 'are animate beings, and I have no animate witnesses. . . .' Drawing forth his right hand from beneath his priestly robe, he stretched it out towards the mighty earth, and said, 'Are you witness to my having given a great donation?' And the mighty earth thundered, 'I bear you witness!' . . . And the followers of Mara fled away in all directions. No two went the same way, but leaving their head-ornaments and their cloaks behind, they fled straight before them.

"Then the hosts of the gods, when they saw the army of Mara flee, cried out, 'Mara is defeated! Prince Siddhartha has conquered! Let us go to celebrate the victory!' And . . . they came with perfumes, garlands, and other offerings in their hands to the Great Being on the throne of wisdom. . . .

"It was before the sun had set that the Great Being thus vanquished the army of Mara. And then, while the Bo-tree in homage rained red coral-like sprigs upon his priestly robes, he acquired in the first watch of the night the knowledge of previous existences; in the middle watch of the night, the divine eye; and in the last watch of the night, his intellect fathomed dependent origination . . ."

It is impossible not to feel that this highly coloured narrative lacks the austere beauty and pathos of the Temptation in the Wilderness, with its ending, perfect in simplicity, "Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him;" but it is also impossible not to

see that the story of Siddhartha has a beauty of its own, the beauty of high moral truth; it has comforted and inspired innumerable followers of the Buddha, and helped them to pass through their temptations.

But, with all their difference in treatment and colour, the two narratives evidently record like experiences; the parallelism between them is complete, from the long initial fast (in the case of Siddhartha, a fast of "seven weeks, or forty-nine days"), to the ministry of angels.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

(To be continued.)

When God calls for a sacrifice, whether it be the loss of a relation or a friend, the endurance of a sickness or a misfortune, we must make it in a truly Christian spirit. And God hates rapine in a sacrifice.

In the Old Law, when a sacrifice was offered to God, it was one of the greatest sins to steal part of the offering, and the sons of Heli, for this their crowning sin were, by the judgment of God, to die both in one day. There is a parallel between their rapine and that which takes place in sacrifices God exacts from us when we refuse submission or willing endurance to His divine will.

Even in the darkest sorrow God knows best, and will turn every sorrow bravely borne to the welfare of the sufferer. How, we may neither know nor see, but then it is that faith enters to help us.

And after all, rapine in a sacrifice only results in embittering the mind. It brings no consolation, which is precisely what the sufferer needs most. Generosity in sacrifice is always followed by generosity from God, in power of endurance, in courage, in contentment and peace of mind, for God will not be outdone by His creatures in generosity.

LAURENCE BOYLE.

"DON'T BLAME ME"

IT was just a vulgar dream.

Feeling as if I were being crushed, I opened my eyes, to see Something fat, bloated and most unpleasant, sitting on my chest and stomach.

Its eyes turned in, as if It wanted to look only at Itself. Its long nose wiggled and twisted as if seeking evil smells. Its hairy ears flapped, as if It feared to miss something wrong to hear. Its pudgy hands were restless. Its feet were atrophied from lack of use. The general effect of its colorings was dirty white and slimy, giving It more the appearance of being a Worm than man-fashioned. "Get off," I gasped, bracing my body to hurl It off.

A sigh of self-pity escaped the full, fatuous mouth. "I suppose I'd better, if I want to keep you alive, and, worse luck for me, I have to do that, or I'd die myself." It voiced its plaintiveness. It stumped down on the side of the bed and wept weakly.

"What are you doing here?"

"You invited me—you have urged me to stay. Don't blame me."

"Are you crazy? I don't want you to stay one minute—get out."

"I don't think you are strong enough, and besides you have always been too kind to me to treat me cruelly just because you can see me now."

"You have never been here before," I declared, yet I knew I spoke doubtfully against the certainty of Its expression, the one note of sincerity It had given out.

"Oh! yes I have, only you have not been able to see me. You couldn't see me now if you hadn't been listening to those dreadful people who are talking about practical discipleship all the time," and a shudder of real fear shook Its jellylike substance. "If you ever get to doing what they advise I'll have to die; I'll starve to death and die," Its voice piped shrilly to a sickening wail.

"For Heaven's sake, what are you?"

"Don't, don't use that name; don't even think of Heaven when I'm 'round. It brings on malaria," and It had a chill, unpleasantly.

"But what are you?"

"Don't you know your own pet? Why I am your own Lower Self —nobody else is responsible for me. Don't blame me."

Blankness began to assault my mind; negativeness was impending, but I seized on the clue of the Teaching It had spoken of, and rallied myself to say, sternly: "Explain yourself—I insist on your talking this thing out."

"There you go, getting positive—when you do that I am at your mercy—please let up."

"Go on," I said more sternly.

"Don't blame me. I am what you have made me."

I braced myself to look at Its unpleasantness. As I looked It seemed at once to shrink and to stand out more clearly.

"Please stop looking at me so hard. It is bad for me."

"Talk," I commanded.

"I'd rather whisper, the way I am used to doing with you, but I am at your mercy."

"Go on."

"Don't blame me—you have done this. I started out as a clean, unthinking, thoughtless little animal, depending upon you. Then, as you grew older and would get negative and slothful and self-indulgent, I began to put on fat, and soon lost my shapeliness. Then every time you had an evil thought or did something you knew you ought not to do I grew in strength. If you were only positively wicked I would not have to carry all this loathsome fat. I had a good nose once, until you took to contemplating evil. I had good ears once, until you listened to evil speaking and foul stories. My eyes were straight until you took to self-reference in all things."

"Have I got to have you around always?"

"Not unless you give yourself up to me—then I will live and grow stronger."

"You have to tell me the truth?"

"I do, whenever you have the courage to face me and ask."

"Then teli me how to get rid of you?"

It fell on its weak legs in an agony of supplication. "Spare me." It wailed, "don't blame me. I am only what you have made me."

"Answer," I demanded.

Its wailing rose and It slobbered in anguish.

I thought hard in my determination to get rid of It. It had said that studying Discipleship had opened my eyes to Its presence. If the study of Discipleship could do that, what could not Discipleship do? Full of the thought of the cleansing power of Master's Love, my will arose in arms. "I will be a Disciple," I said aloud, in irrevocable resolution.

It had vanished.

U. G.

Our Heavenly Father makes "straight paths for our feet," and, if we would GO IN HIS WAY, *if we would straighten our wills to His will, and lay them side by side, there would be no crosses. But when the path that God points out goes north and south, and our stubborn wills lead us east and west, the consequence is "*A CROSS." . . .

—ANNIE WEBB-PEPLOE.

PARACELSUS

Theosophists.—In the mediæval ages it was the name by which were known the disciples of Paracelsus of the sixteenth century. (Isis Unveiled.)

CARLYLE says somewhere that each age has its own faith and laughs—most unwisely—at the faith of its predecessor. It is not a question of whether or not a given age be an "age of faith." All ages have faith in abundance for their needs. The question is in what does it put the faith that is given it. Is it in the law and the prophets, the literal inspiration of the Bible, the authority of the church? Is it in the material world, the evidence of the physical senses and the power of the analytical, finite mind to deal with an infinite universe? Or is it in the inner light of the soul, the inspiration and noëtic power of the heart? Man stands on faith as he might stand on a ladder leading out of a pit. It is not the fault of the ladder if he uses it to go down deeper into the darkness, instead of up into the sunlight.

The critical periods in man's history are the times when he is forced to realize that he has misplaced his faith and that the foundation on which he has planted his ladder is quicksand and not rock. Plant it somewhere he must by the inherent law of his being. It may be that the most honest spot in his horizon is the doubt in his own mind and then he puts his faith in those doubts. Obviously, at a time when the old foundations of men's faith have been destroyed, and they are seeking new, firm ground on which to build, it is of vital importance that they should be shown the truth and at least given the chance to build on it.

"If the understanding be not thus cleared and illumined, it may catch every gleam of intuition and spiritual light, only to distort that gleam, to light with it the false pictures of the lower mind, thus filling the spiritual life with images of material things. Thus are painted the material heavens that fill so great a space in certain forms of faith, and thus it comes that the Most High is represented with purely human qualities, revengeful, jealous, threatening punishment like the despot of a down-trodden land.

"From these erring theologies there comes ever a reaction and a protest, and, confounding the substance with the form, men of strong unillumined mind reject both faith and fable, and build up speculative materialisms, which increase the sum of human pain, the dread of death, the unendurable sorrow of separation.

"For these ills there is no cure like wisdom, no available cure so potent as the ancient wisdom of India." *

* Introduction to *Bhagavad Gita.*

Thus, when old forms are breaking up and before men's minds have re-crystallized, we would look to see an especial effort made by the Lodge to bring true ideals into the thought of the world. It is impossible to over-estimate the value and far-reaching influence of the presence in the world's thought of real ideals at such times. We have only to see how the ideas first promulgated by Madame Blavatsky through the Theosophical Society have colored every department of modern thought, to realize this. The mere fact that modern thought neither recognizes nor admits this is of no importance. It was not recognition for which she worked. The influence of her work on the thought—the essential faith—of future generations is incalculable. A man's faith is the foundation of all his action, not what he may call his faith but his real faith. As has been often pointed out, if a man says he believes in honesty and then steals, it is obvious that he really believes in stealing and not in honesty. So men's actions and the history of the world for centuries may be determined in these critical periods when old faiths have been destroyed and men's minds are seeking new foundations on which to rest and new forms around which to crystallize. These new faiths are tested in action, it may be over centuries, are one by one found wanting and have to be abandoned in their turn.

Born in 1493, the year after the discovery of the new world, a contemporary of Martin Luther and the Protestant reformation, Paracelsus, like Madame Blavatsky, came at such a formative period in the world's history when the foundations of men's thought were being shattered. In both times, fixed ideas long held by the race were breaking up, destructive attacks were being made on the established church and new doctrines were arising.

In the sixteenth century the thought of the world was ruled by narrowness and bigotry. Men were offered their choice between the corruption of Rome together with the bigotry that led to the Spanish Inquisition on the one hand, or on the other, rebellion, predestination, infant damnation and a no less intolerant bigotry. Later, in Madame Blavatsky's time, the choice lay between the blatant, intolerant materialism of science and the still more intolerant believers in a jealous God and an actual Adam and Eve, created 4004 B. C., neither more nor less. The spirit of Christianity had been so completely lost in the letter of the Bible that to call in question a single biblical statement seemed to threaten the entire religious edifice. The man who could not believe that an actual whale swallowed an actual Jonah, was not permitted to believe in Christ. "The choice seemed forced between the extremes of superstition and materialism, and in consequence, religion was left without vitality, without the sense of immediate reality and the support of natural law."

In spite of shining exceptions, the tendency of both times was to neglect entirely the inner life and the inner light and to base all conclusions on external things. Nineteenth century science put its faith

absolutely in the evidence of the physical senses—notoriously unreliable—and on the ability of the analytical mind to draw correct and all-inclusive deductions therefrom. Theology put its faith in the literal inspiration of the Bible or in the authority of the external church. In the time of Paracelsus "authority" was the great word. Everything had to be based on "authority." All arguments must proceed from established axioms drawn, not from experience but from the writings of some church Father or revered ancient whose works were universally accepted and whose least dicta were not to be questioned. Always it was to something outside of himself that man must look.

In both the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries that on which he had been accustomed to place his dependence was broken before his eyes. It then became a question of finding a substitute and of what that substitute would be. Would narrowness be replaced by narrowness, dogmatism by dogmatism? Would man still worship an "absentee god" and must he remain blind to his own powers and his divine possibilities?

No one can study the life of Paracelsus without being struck by the remarkable similarity between his life and writings and the life and writings of Madame Blavatsky. Against the narrow dogmatism of their ages both hurled themselves with splendid courage. Both set themselves to shattering the armor-plated walls of prejudice to let in to men's darkened minds the light of the spirit. We feel in each case the same intense hatred of all hypocrisy and the same power of invective in denouncing it. Change the names and pronouns, and it would be hard to say whether the following was written of Paracelsus or of Madame Blavatsky:

"He had the volcanic temperament needed to destroy the old order, which he knew to be corrupting the world, as he had the piercing insight which discerned the new order amidst a welter of troubled and heaving stagnation. But the stagnation had to be laid bare in all its mischievousness to be revealed for what it had become. The very men who had recognised the degeneracy of the Church were slow to admit its parallel in the realm of knowledge. . . .

"He had a message to give which needed directness, a reveille to a new day, . . . and he shouted his message abroad in language that all could understand, and he shouted abroad as well his titanic wrath at those who, hearing, closed their ears and sought to stifle his appeal. There was no time for mincing courtesies; the world needed a new birth and had first to pass through the scathing fire of truth, the old earth and the old heaven had to be shrivelled up as a roll, and a new earth and heaven had to be discerned in their stead. Paracelsus set his torch to the waste-heap and scared its blind and dingy guardians, who denounced him for sacrilege." (Miss Stoddard: *Life of Paracelsus.*)

On the constructive side, Madame Blavatsky and Paracelsus both taught the same great doctrine. Both gave their lives in ceaseless effort to free men from the bonds of ignorance and darkness and to reveal to

them the road to their own happiness. Both were denounced as charlatans, reviled, persecuted and slandered all their lives.

> "Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
> That shouldst make thy people free,
> But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
> They bore thee to Calvary."

The servant is not greater than his Lord. Truly the world is slow to change its methods.

Paracelsus, Phillipus Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus, Bombast of Hohenheim, to give him his full name and title, was born in 1493 in Einsiedeln near Zurich. His father was a physician and Paracelsus himself seems to have had a good education. At sixteen he entered the University of Basle, studying chiefly alchemy, medicine and surgery. Later he was taught by Johann Trithemius, of Sponheim, Abbot of St. Jacob at Wurzburg, said to have been one of the greatest adepts in alchemy and magic. This was followed by practical experience in the laboratory of another celebrated alchemist, Sigismund Fugger who owned mines in the Tyrol, where Paracelsus learned mineralogy and metallurgy.

Miss Stoddart, in her *Life of Paracelsus,* gives an interesting portrait of Abbot Trithemius:

"Even as a young Benedictine he was celebrated for his learning, and was made Abbot of Sponheim when he was only twenty-one years old. From Sponheim he was transferred in 1506 to the monastery of St. Jacob close to Wurzburg, where he died in 1516. He had a great renown, and more especially for occult research, believing that the hidden things of nature were in the keeping of spiritual forces. Students came to him and if they proved themselves worthy were admitted to his study where his grim experiments were made. He was learned in all the knowledge of his day, influenced too by the Renaissance, a lover of art and poetry as well as a historian and a physician, . . .

"Trithemius was accounted dangerous by the ignorant many. He had penetrated to some of nature's hidden things, amongst them to magnetism and telepathy. In mystical experiments he had found himself able to read the thoughts of others at a distance. He used a cryptic language and had a secret chronology by which he interpreted the prophetic and mystical portions of the Bible and of cabalistic writings. Above all study he insisted on that of the Holy Scriptures, for which he had a deep devotion and which he required his students to examine with exact and reverent care. In this he influenced Paracelsus for life, for Bible study was one of the preoccupations of his later years, and in his writings we have constant witness not only to his mastery of its language, but of its deepest spiritual significance.

"That he studied occultism with the abbot and was aware of its mysterious powers is also sure . . ."

For ten years or so after this Paracelsus seems to have travelled

very widely, covering most of Europe. According to one tradition he also went to India where he is said to have been taken prisoner by the Tartars. The Tartars took him to the Khan with whose son he subsequently went to Constantinople. Apparently it was during this stay in the East that he was taught much of the Eastern Wisdom. Many of the Eastern tenets which appear in his writings, such as the sevenfold constitution of man, were, so far as we know, unknown in Europe at that time. His disciple, Van Helmont, says that he received the Philosopher's Stone in Constantinople in 1521, a statement that appears to be a guarded reference to his initiation. In this connection Madame Blavatsky says in *Isis Unveiled:*

". . . and although there had been alchemists before the days of Paracelsus, he was the first who passed through the true initiation, that last ceremony which conferred on the adept the power of travelling toward the 'burning bush' over the holy ground, and to 'burn the golden calf in the fire, grind it to powder, and strow it upon the water.' "

Paracelsus then returned to Italy where he served as surgeon in the Imperial Army participating in a number of campaigns. Unfortunately we have no details of his military life. In 1525 he returned to Basle and two years later was appointed a professor of physic, medicine and surgery. His lectures created a profound sensation. To begin with, instead of the conventional Latin he lectured in German, doubtless much to the delight of his students and certainly to the great scandal of his tradition-loving colleagues. But far worse than that, his lectures embodied his own views, the results of his experience and knowledge instead of being based exclusively on the statements of the recognized and accepted authorities, Messrs. Galen and Avicenna. Apparently no one had dared for many years to express any opinion not founded on their works and the shock was correspondingly great. As Paracelsus wrote: "New stars appear and others disappear on the sky. New ideas appear on the mental horizon and old ideas are lost. If a new comet appears in the sky, it fills the hearts of the ignorant with terror; if a new and grand idea appears on the mental horizon, it creates fear in the camp of those who cling to old systems and accepted forms."

His new ideas, grand and noble as they were, created not only fear but envy and rage. The rage was enormously increased when in his capacity of City Physician he secured the passage of a mediæval Pure Food and Drugs act which placed the apothecaries of the city under his supervision as to the purity and genuineness of their drugs and the reasonableness of their prices. His marvellous success in effecting cures, moreover, did not tend to allay the professional jealousy of his fellow physicians. On the whole he seems to have drawn upon himself a storm of criticism and abuse. The storm came to a head when he criticized the City Council for a very unjust decision. A rich man, who had been given up to die as hopeless by the other physicians, called in Paracelsus. Paracelsus promptly cured him, so promptly in fact that the rich man

refused to pay the agreed fee on the eminently Teutonic ground that the cure had been effected so easily that the fee had not been earned. The City Council sided with the rich miser. The injustice of this so outraged Paracelsus, who cared nothing for money and treated the poor free, that he expressed his opinion of the Council. If he did this in his best style we can understand that he had to leave the city secretly immediately afterward. In power of invective, he is second only to H. P. B.

For the next few years he travelled from place to place, coming to Nuremberg in 1530. The "regular" physicians promptly denounced him as a quack and a charlatan. (It all sounds very modern.) At his request some cases given up as incurable by the other physicians were put under his care. In a short time he cured a number of cases of elephantiasis which had been so sent him. Dr. Hartmann says that testimonials to this effect may be found in the archives of the City of Nuremberg, but history is silent as to the effect on the other Nuremberg physicians. There is no record of their inviting him to remain and instruct them. He wandered for a number of years more until, attracted by his growing fame, Duke Ernst of Bavaria invited him to Salzburg. There shortly afterward he died. There is some obscurity in regard to his death, a widely accepted version being that it resulted from a treacherous attack by thugs in the pay of jealous rivals. Madame Blavatsky mentions a tradition current among the Alsatians that he is not dead but, like Charlemagne, sleeps in his grave.

It would be as impossible to summarize his writings in an article of this scope as to summarize *The Secret Doctrine*. It is in essence the same teaching. Madame Blavatsky says that to accuse her of plagiarism from Paracelsus, Eliphas Levi or Buddhism would be like accusing Max Muller of plagiarising in his *Sacred Books of the East* from the philosophy of the Brahmins. Obviously she regarded the identity of the teaching as self-evident.

His work may be divided into three classes:

First: His revolutionary teaching in regard to the methods by which knowledge was to be obtained. The ceaseless effort of Paracelsus was to draw men from reliance on external authority back to their own experience. He used medicine as one of the means to do this, bitterly denouncing the systems of his day, founded on distorted precepts from ancient writers, and insisting on experience as the great teacher. This seems so obvious to us that it is hard to believe that it was ever novel, not to say revolutionary. For "authority" he substituted the study of nature, and the inductive method as, so to speak, the introduction to the acquisition of knowledge. So far modern science goes with him and acknowledges its obligation by calling him "the forerunner of all scientific progress from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth." We are so accustomed to this method that it is almost impossible for us to realize how great was the change which its introduction wrought. Of course Paracelsus did not originate it any more than he originated any of the truths

which he gave to his world. Roger Bacon's work, his *Opus Magnus,* although not published until the year after the death of Paracelsus, was written over two hundred and fifty years before. Let us say he rediscovered it, or if you will, that he only reaffirmed it. In view of the fact that the achievements of modern science are due to the adoption of his method, that would be distinction enough.

It is his method, but only the lesser part of his method. The lower, the side that leads to knowledge of the material, has been developed and followed. The higher, that which might have led to knowledge of the divine, has been ignored. He never made the mistake that science makes to-day of thinking of experimental research as the only or even as the best way to acquire knowledge. Its limitations he saw clearly. Great as are the results that have flowed from it, they are as nothing compared to what may be expected when the world awakes to the possibilities of his teaching in regard to the direct perception of truth. "The cause of his (man's) ignorance is that he does not understand how to search in himself for the powers that are given him by God, and by which he may arrive at all the Wisdom, Reason and Knowledge concerning everything that exists, whether it be near him or far away." (*De Inventione Artium.*) In this respect he is still centuries in advance not only of his own time but of ours. Science might do well to inquire, for instance, how he came to know that man's body and the stars were composed of the same elements, three centuries before the discovery of the spectroscope.

The rationale of his teaching lies in the fundamental unity of all souls with the Oversoul. All men are rays of the Divine Consciousness. Consciousness is one and not separate and hence all that is in the Divine Consciousness may be known to the consciousness of man.

"Neither the external nor the astral man is the real man, but the real man in the soul in connection with the Divine Spirit. The astral soul is the shadow of the body, illumined by the spirit, and it therefore resembles man. It is neither material nor immaterial but partakes of the nature of each. The sidereal man is formed out of the same *Limbus* as the Macrocosm, and he is therefore able to participate in all the wisdom and the knowledge existing in the latter. He may obtain knowledge of all creatures, angels and spirits, and learn to understand their attributes. He may learn from the Macrocosm the meaning of the symbols by which he is surrounded, in the same manner as he acquires the language of his parents; because his own soul is the quintessence of everything in creation, and is connected sympathetically with the whole of nature; and therefore every change that takes place in the Macrocosm may be sensed by the ethereal essence surrounding his spirit, and it may come to the consciousness and the comprehension of man."

Second: His outer contributions to scientific knowledge, particularly medical and chemical. For many of these he is given full credit.

Paracelsus admittedly discovered hydrogen and probably oxygen. He discovered and used animal magnetism in the treatment of disease

two hundred and fifty years before Mesmer forced its acceptance on an incredulous and reluctant—not to say abusive—scientific world. In the sixteenth century he taught the indestructibility of matter, the persistence of life and by implication the conservation of energy. He knew and taught that matter, solid rock for instance, was permeable to certain kinds of light, a fact usually regarded as a purely modern discovery learned by the use of the X-ray. He first introduced modern methods in surgery and it is he rather than Paré who should be called "the father of modern surgery." He taught the chemical composition of the body and revolutionized the practice of medicine by the introduction of laboratory methods. Many of our present medicines were first used by him, such as laudanum, calomel, etc. He said that human beings and the stars were composed of the same substances, a statement for which he was duly ridiculed for centuries on the ground that it was manifestly impossible for him or any one else to know anything at all about the composition of the stars. The confirmation of his doctrine on this point by the comparatively modern discovery of the spectroscope has not in the least interfered with the continuance of the ridicule in regard to many of his other statements about which the twentieth century scientist is fully as ignorant as his predecessor of the eighteenth was on the composition of the stars.

Take, for instance, his assertion that the "sun shines through the rocks for the gnomes." Plainly this consists of two statements, first that the sun shines through rock and second that it does so for the gnomes. At the time when it was written men found it easier to believe in gnomes than that the sun could shine through rock, a fact contrary to all experience and to the plain evidence of their senses. Now we know that even the densest matter is permeable to certain kinds of light and we take photographs through a silver plate. But fancy a modern scientist seriously discussing the existence of "gnomes"! The prejudice against even considering such a possibility is so strong that the mere mention of the name in connection with his first statement is sufficient to cause the whole to be dismissed with a smile at Paracelsus's mediæval superstition and ignorance, and the truth to which it alludes missed entirely. On what the modern positive disbelief in the possibility of the existence of "gnomes" rests beyond violent prejudice and the general habit of denial I do not know. Of course by "gnomes" Paracelsus did not mean little hump-backed men with long white beards and pick-axes, but beings who live in the earth as fishes live in the water. Wherever science has found the means to look it has found life. There are how many thousands of microscopic living creatures in a colorless drop of water? Why should it be assumed that there are no separate lives in the earth which as yet we have not found the means to see? In any case whether or not there are "gnomes" it is obviously illogical for modern scientists, who admittedly have no evidence one way or the other, to make positive denials.

As Paracelsus says in this connection, the possibilities of nature are

not limited by man's knowledge of them. "That which is unexpected will in the future prove to be true, and that which is looked upon as superstition in one century will be the basis for the approved science of the next." (*Philosophia Occulta.*)

Third: His philosophical and religious writings, for which the world owes him an immense, and as yet unpaid, debt of gratitude. This was his real work. He uses medicine, chemistry or whatever it may be of which he is writing as vehicles for his great spiritual doctrine.

Naturally he does not use modern terminology and many of the truths in his writings are veiled more or less thinly by symbolism. He was a Rosicrucian and as such sworn to secrecy in regard to much that he knew. He did not write for the general eye. Many of his passages, most illuminating when once we have the key, are designedly meaningless without it. The reader who takes what he says in its dead letter sense and materializes it, will miss entirely the truth hidden in the symbolism or the allegory. As Dr. Hartmann points out, it takes a vast deal more credulity to believe that a man admittedly possessed of such knowledge as Paracelsus, would consent to write whole volumes of intolerable rubbish (which some of his books would be if taken in their literal meaning) than to believe that great spiritual truths were thus hidden in allegories intended to be understood only by those who possessed the key in their own hearts.

We may get an idea of the extent to which Rosicrucian writing has been materialized by contrasting the currently accepted meaning of such words as "Alchemy," "Magic," "Astronomy," etc., with what Paracelsus meant by them. Magic we identify with witchcraft, and dismiss it as the crassest superstition. Alchemy we regard as the effort to make gold out of baser metals, and smile at its "obvious futility." Astronomy we limit to the study of the stars as physical bodies.

To Paracelsus, Magic was supreme wisdom. "Magic is great hidden wisdom, just as that which is commonly called human reason is a great folly. To use wisdom, no external ceremonies and conjurations are required. The making of circles and the burning of incense are all tomfoolery and temptation, by which only evil spirits are attracted. The human heart is a great thing, so great that no one can fully express its greatness. It is imperishable and eternal, like God. If we only knew all the powers of the human heart nothing would be impossible to us." (*De Peste. Lib.* I.)

By magical powers he meant spiritual power. "The power which enabled the saints to work miracles is still alive and is accessible to all." "It may be acquired by obtaining more spirituality, and making one's self capable to see and to feel the things of the spirit." "Christ and the prophets and the apostles had magical powers, acquired less by their learning than by their holiness. They were able to heal the sick by the laying on of their hands and to perform many other wonderful *but natural things.*" In this belief that the miracles of Christ were literally true and

at the same time in entire accord with natural laws as yet unknown to us, he was again far in advance, not only of his, but of our own time.

He believed these "magical powers" to be latent in all men. They are the inherent powers of the soul and will develop with the development of the soul. "The exercise of true magic does not require any ceremonies, . . . it only requires a strong faith in the omnipotent power of all good, that can accomplish everything if it acts through a human mind who is in harmony with it, and without which nothing useful can be accomplished. True magic power consists in true faith, but true faith rests in spiritual knowledge, and without that kind of knowledge there can be no faith."

He might have added in the words of the *Gita* "He who is perfected in devotion will find spiritual knowledge springing up in himself in no long time."

But in insisting as he does on the spiritual character of magic and on its foundation in faith, he does not in any way detract from the reality or potency of magical powers. The heart of all his writing is the ascendancy of the inner over the outer, of the spirit over matter. Through the attainment of true spirituality, the purification of the will and the heart of man, his union with the divine spirit within him, all power may be given him. In his *Philosophia Sagax* he says:

"Faith has a great deal more power than the physical body. You are visible and corporeal but there is still an invisible man in you, and that invisible man is yourself too. . . . True faith has wonderful powers, and this fact proves that we are spirits and not merely visible bodies. Faith accomplishes that which the body would accomplish if it had the power. Man is created with great powers; he is greater than heaven and greater than the earth. He possesses faith, and faith is a light more powerful and superior to natural light, and stronger than all creatures. All magic processes are based upon faith. By faith and imagination we may accomplish whatever we may desire. The power of faith overcomes all spirits of Nature, because it is a spiritual power, and spirit is higher than nature. Whatever is grown in the realm of nature may be changed by the power of faith."

It is this ascendancy of spirit over matter, the inner rather than the outer, the essence rather than the form, that he strives ceaselessly to present. To him, all forms were but the vehicles of powers and expressions of them, their "signatures." To those who know how to read them, each form is a revelation of the character of the force that brings it into being. Thus by astronomy and the "stars" he means, not the physical stars that we see, but the cosmic forces of which they are an outer manifestation. These forces are universal and operative in the heavens, in the earth and in the constitution of man.

" 'Saturn' is not only in the sky, but also deep in the earth and in the ocean? What is Venus but the 'Artemesia' that grows in your garden? What is 'iron' but Mars? That is to say, Venus and Artemesia are both

manifestations of the same cause. What is the human body but a constellation of the same powers that formed the stars in the sky?"

This makes it clear that when in other places Paracelsus speaks of the influence of a star on men, he does not mean the planet we see but the operation in man of the particular universal force to which that particular planet corresponds.

His definition of Alchemy is likewise very different from our idea of it as a search for material gold. "To grasp the invisible elements, to attract them by their material correspondences, to control, purify, and transform them by the living power of the Spirit—this is the true alchemy."

And again "The Alchemist is one regenerated in the spirit of Jesus Christ."

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and it would be difficult to overestimate the effect of the presentation of his teaching during such a formative period of the world's thought.

Like a beacon light in the darkness of infant damnation, predestination, doubt and denial, stands out the great doctrine of the inherent divinity and perfectibility of man. "And it is a great truth, which you should seriously consider, that there is nothing in heaven or upon earth which does not also exist in Man, and God who is in heaven exists also in man, and the two are but One.

"Before man is born, and afterwards, his soul is not perfect, but it may be perfected through the power of the Will.

"Physical man takes his nutriment from the earth; the sidereal man receives the states of his feelings and thoughts from the stars; but the spirit has his wisdom from God. The heat of the fire passes through an iron stove, and likewise the astral influences, with all their qualities, pass through man. They penetrate him as rain penetrates the soil, and as the soil is made fruitful by the rain, likewise man's soul is made fruitful by them; but the principle of supreme wisdom of the universe penetrates into the center, illuminates it, and rules over all.

"Hail may destroy the fruits of the earth, evil planetary influences may be attracted by the soul of the earth and cause epidemic diseases, and the spiritual center in man may be devoid of wisdom and darkness reign in its place. The earth, the animal kingdom, and physical man are subject to the government of the stars; but the spiritual man rules over the stars and over the elements, and conquers the worlds without and the world within by the wisdom that comes from God."

J. F. B. Mitchell.

PARENTHOOD AND DISCIPLESHIP

I

A Mother's Experience

IT "chanced" that an old family friend, who is also a really great doctor, came to the resort where I was living. My dear husband had died there, and I had stayed on month after month; he seemed nearer to me there than at home, and that helped to reconcile me to staying on there, "sacrificing my mother-love to building up my health for my children's sake." When I heard that our doctor was at the hotel I went to see him. I knew my family would trust his report, though they had not been impressed by the warnings of the resort physicians, which I had sent to them. The family felt that I ought not to be separated so long from my children.

"Dear Doctor," I said, "it is fortunate you are here. Now you can tell Ethel and the rest—they'll believe you—that, while I want to go back to the children and to get rid of poor Fraulein, who is making little German girls of them, I just can't, for the children's sake. I have no right to endanger their health." . . .

"Well, well, Mercy, my dear, that does sound pretty bad. Here you are, hating with all your big heart what Germany now stands for, and yet letting a hireling make little Frauleins of your daughters. Ethel did tell me of the bad reports given on your case by the resort physicians. In fact, she begged me to send for you as soon as I arrived, but I thought I'd let you come to me—you would have more trust in my diagnosis and prognosis. Now I want you to remember my one rule, Mercy—you don't have to come to me, but, when you do, you've got to do what I say. Will you?"

Although I was not sure whether it was my heart or my appendix that he would find had gone wrong, on top of my weak lungs, I knew he would find me in too serious a condition to go home, where I was not fit to be, and it would be such a relief to have the family letters stopped—yes, and my stupid, old-fashioned, silly conscience just made to quit talking. So I agreed to his requirement.

Doctor was certainly painstaking and careful. He gave me several examinations, and kept me under observation for a week. Then he promised to give me his decision in three days. The fateful morning came. I was so upset that I had my maid telephone him to come to my apartment. I was too weak to rise from the lounge when he came in—my heart was going so.

"Well, well, Mercy, my dear, this won't do at all; this is all wrong."

"Doctor, I know you, I trust you, I will be brave; but I must know the truth—the full truth."

"Yes, my dear, you ought to be brave, coming from the stock you do. I'll give you the truth—and it will be bitter truth; but will you keep your promise to do what I say?"

"We keep our promises, Doctor."

"Humph! *You* do when you remember them, and I won't let you forget this. Get up and dress—dress fast—for your train leaves in three hours, and you haven't much time."

"To a higher altitude—is it as bad as that?"

" 'Higher altitude'—I hope so, for you're going home."

I sat up—and gasped—the Doctor says I glared, but that is not true—"Home!"

"Yes. There's nothing physically the matter with you. You can do the family washing if you want to, now. Get up and get busy. I will wire Ethel to take Fraulein to Mrs. Max Zimmer, who has been trying for months to lure her away from you. A telephone message to Mrs. Zimmer and Ethel's motor will get Fraulein out of your family and into a better paying position before you reach home. So you must catch the train, somehow."

I would have had hysterics if I had not been afraid of Doctor—there was no telling what he might not have done to me. And so it was that I caught the train, and went home to my children and my duties.

Ethel met me and took me to my own apartment and escaped as quickly as she could. I was alone with my children. The little girls looked at me. I looked at them. Not one of the four of us spoke. They were politely interested, yet their glances made me conscious that my hat was not on straight.

I wondered what I should say after the complete failure of my attempts to be demonstrative, in the face of their manifestations of physical discomfort, and personal discomfiture, when I had clasped them close. I could hear them thinking: "Now what would Fraulein want us to say, or to do?" Yet I was their mother; they were (and are!) "my" children. This may read like the scenario of a "movie-drama," yet I am afraid it represents the situation between the average child and the average parent. The circumscribing facts may differ, but how different is the inner attitude?

My husband's illness had taken, and had kept me, away. Then the possibility of my having acquired tuberculosis had kept me longer away. Fraulein Mueller was "a perfect wonder." She had "a veritable genius for training children"—and I was so incompetent—besides having my duty to my husband.

The new regime began. At first it was very simple. All I had to do was to stand by and let the machinery revolve. When I was in doubt one of the children would say: "But Fraulein always told us to do this" or "never would let us do that." By following out the methods to which

the children were accustomed I found that I had time to get about among my friends much more than I had hoped for. But one night all three of the little girls had croup. I was so frightened that I insisted on having our Doctor, who no longer made family visits, come to see them himself. He wrote a prescription and then said: "This won't do any real good. The trouble is not with the children; it is with you. Children never get croup—parents give it to them."

My hand flew to my throat—had I croup?

"There's nothing the matter with your body. You're not even a 'croup-carrier'—you're a croup-giver. You neglect your children, and you let them eat what they please and eat altogether too much, even if it were the right thing to eat. Croup always makes me suspect that children have been eating like pigs—only with less sense."

"But I was doing what Fraulein did—and she kept the children well."

"Perhaps—though I doubt it. But you are not even doing what she did. You are doing what the children say she did. You have been neglecting them worse than you did when you stayed away from them, and that was bad enough."

I began to cry, but Doctor began to scold, so, of course, I stopped. (I wonder whether a woman ever cries publicly if she knows that crying will not do any good?) Before the Doctor got through with me I was scared enough to take notice, and to do for the children what he wanted me to do about diet, and hours, and general health rules.

Then my troubles began. The children were first impudent and then disobedient. "Fraulein" was hurled at me until I really wished she had never existed, but my hating her did not make the children love me. All my ease and comfort were gone. The children and I bickered and quarreled and wept together in a most disgraceful way. We were all unhappy, and things kept getting worse. I demanded a governess, but Tom, Ethel's big, phlegmatic husband, who was our trustee, put his foot down and said I could not afford it—and there was no appeal.

One day when things were what my dear husband would have called "just plain hell," I went to see Jessie Troy, a schoolmate whose quiet home and loving daughters were my envy.

"Jessie, I've come for advice. Everything is going wrong with me and my girls. Everything is right with you and your girls. How do you do it? Tell me, please," and I threw myself into her warm arms and wept again.

"Stop crying, Mercy, for you are going out with me and it won't do to go looking like a wreck."

I stopped, and asked, "Where are we going?"

"Where I learned how to make a home and to bring up my girls. I want you to get the teaching straight and not through me—but hurry, dear, or we shall be late and that would be the wrong way to begin."

Before I really knew what had happened we were in Jessie's car,

hurrying down town and over into a poor and dilapidated part of New York. We stopped in front of a building that might have been a warehouse or factory, and went upstairs—into a dim and quiet little chapel. Even now I cannot talk about it. It would be telling something too intimate to say what that chapel meant to me, even the first time I went into it.

There was a service that seemed to open my heart to the childhood power of prayer with the certainty of getting help. Then there was an address or sermon. The first one I heard might as well have been in Greek, except that it made me want to hear more. I went often, and I discovered that one reason why I did not understand at first was because it was all so simple and so practical that I overlooked its power and truth. Then, too, the teaching hurt. It made one realize that Our Lord is not a sort of gaseous spirit, somewhere out in the starry space, with no power even of knowing us. It made one feel that He is a loving friend, loving one, anxious to help one, and only prevented because one will not let Him. Soon the teaching made me want to let Him help me, and then I found I had to "do something about it."

This "doing something," I grew to believe, meant accepting the fact that God had put me where I ought to be, and had given me the right things to do. At first, when I found myself growing interested in the life and the teaching at that little chapel, I longed to work there—I wanted to lead classes and teach and be busy about church work. But in time, and it took time, too, for how I did hate to take up the commonplace, homely duties surrounding me, I began to see that my chance for Heaven lay in "doing something" about being a real Mother.

There were days—yes, months—when I still regarded my own children as deadly nuisances, barriers in the way of my making spiritual progress, but I could not escape the obvious—the Master loves us, He loves me, He gave me my children to help me, and unless and until I so accepted them I could not get His Help. So, in time, I grew to be more and more of a mother—and, in time, I liked it better and better.

It is a pity that parenthood is being so commonly dodged nowadays, for there is unlimited riches to be got out of it; not only in the way of pleasure, but in the way of one's own training. Indeed, as one progresses in a courageous experimentation in assuming parental responsibility (however out-of-date this may be) one begins to wonder whether the parent does not get more out of it than the child. On the material plane, the child of right parents seems to get everything, and to have the chance of repayment only in what he may do in turn for his children. One sometimes wonders how God may regard the relationship. If one really believes that soul-evolution be the secret of life, parenthood at once becomes a very great opportunity. Our Lord speaks of "little children." In the East, we are told, "chela" means child. Perhaps parenthood may be a means of teaching one how to be a chela or disciple by conscious experimentation.

Yet "Other people's children" seem to be more interesting nowadays

than one's own. This is indicated by two common tendencies: not having children, or, else, when one has children, putting the responsibility for them upon others. The "slacker" in parental responsibility is a "slacker," whether he or she lives on the East Side of New York, and expects the public school to do everything, from soup to shoes, from dentistry to a doctorate diploma, and all without expense; or whether one lives on a great estate on Long Island, and sees one's children only at the "proper" time and in the "proper" manner.

I sent my children to the Sunday school of the little church, as I grew to know it better. "I really don't see how you can do it, Mercy," Cousin Caroline said to me one day. "At St. Crœsus' they would meet just the children you want them to know, while down there in the slums." She threw up both hands.

"But they are taught religion there," I said.

"Nonsense,"said my cousin, "that won't help them when they are debutantes."

I found that most of my friends had an uncomfortable feeling about having their children "too religious." I suppose that it might seem dangerous in the case of uncontrolled and lawless children; for their little minds are logical, they are keen observers, and they might become critical of their elders. This is bad for the child, and it is also most uncomfortable for the parent—even if the criticism be based on the truth.

One hears so much in these days about the "handicap of existing economic organization," whatever that may mean. Then other women say "What can you expect of children when women are denied the ballot?" Others talk largely of their responsibility to Society or the State, always putting emphasis on their sacrifice. Still others object to "anything that will make a child different." "You must let your girls mix with other children, so that they will know more of life."

Even the women who try to take an interest in their children, but who cling to "scientific pedagogy" or "giving the child a broad humanitarian outlook" have to admit their helplessness. "Mercy, you can't expect womanliness in an age of athletics and of growing democracy—the best we can do is to strive for efficiency."

So many people want their children to be just like all other children, yet the words "my child" are more than a shibboleth of melodrama. Probably they vocalize, with the "my" in big capitals, the first surge of feeling that comes to most parents on the birth of their first child. When the child is turned over to others, municipal or personal employees, the sense of personal possession remains, although personal responsibility be forgotten. "It would hurt *me* too much to *strike my* child," says the average humanitarian and hysterical mother of the XXth Century. She says it with an unconcealed sense of superiority over the "brute of the mid-Victorian" (and "mid-Egyptian" and "mid" commonsense period of any age) who "beats" his or her child. Yet that mother does not know how truthfully she portrays herself. It would hurt her, it should hurt her,

to punish her child, but she ought not to be thinking about herself, but rather what is good for the child. If she thought of the souls involved, her soul and the child's soul, it might lead to a reversal of attitude.

Looking back over the furnace of experience, through which my little ones and I have passed together, I wonder why more people do not see the parallelism in "parenthood and discipleship," and do not seek to use the help such recognition might bring, in getting training for themselves as they train their children—in drawing closer to the Master, as they draw their children closer to them. I have been forced by life itself and its sorrows to believe that my relations to God and my neighbor are the only things that count, and that what happens to me, as and for myself, is utterly unimportant—more than that, becomes deadly uninteresting—even to me! "Discipleship" does seem to be what one is here for—call it "the Path" or "serving God"—words do not count. Actions do count, and that is where we stick. Like most average Americans—yes, like most XXth Century people—I had grown to hate rules and restrictions, and to despise experience and traditions. "The antiquity that survives is of interest, not because of its age, but for its truth" meant nothing to me. If anything had stood the test of ages it must, therefore, necessarily, be out-of-date. Rules and restrictions had the sanction of ages, so—"into the scrap-heap with 'em," as my nephew says.

Yet the experiment of trying to be a faithful mother, has led me to the belief that life is nothing but Rule, and that this is unescapable fact on any plane, in any relation of life, however much we may kick at the pricks.

In my first reaction against Fraulein's regime I abolished all rules. I cried out, "Let love be our rule!" But I found that this did not work. My "middle-sized bear" girl cured me by her logic. I had talked a great deal about doing things for love, and for the sake of those whom we love best. She was guilty of a very serious act of disobedience, deliberate, yet, curiously enough, not defiant.

"You said we should do things for the one we loved best. I thought it over. I know I love myself best—better than you or Baby or Sister, and of course more than God. He's too big to love. So I did what I wanted to for love's sake." Her honesty is rare, but I believe her feeling to be otherwise.

That children have fancies but lack imagination is one lesson I have learned. This calls for laying out plans for them, for fancies are poor guides, and impulses worse. I found that it would not answer to follow my impulses. I had to weigh the consequences of my decisions, or trouble ensued. It took too much time to make plans anew each day, so it became easier, all around, to set up rules as a sort of recurrent planning. It was easier to insist upon punctuality than to fuss and fume in getting the children off to school each morning—and it kept them on time when to rules were added penalties for breaking them.

That rules are a moral prophylaxis for children came out last year.

Some very little girls were found to have been making friends that were not only "impossible" but terribly dangerous. They met at moving picture theatres, while the different parents supposed their daughters were interchanging home visits. My oldest girl, then only 13, escaped because "Mother insists on my coming right straight home from school, no matter what happens," as she told Cousin Caroline one day, when that imposing old lady tried to carry the child off with her. Yet Caroline is loudest in her protests that my regime of rule is destroying all individuality in my girls.

Even the most irresponsible cousin or parent prefers a child to be well-mannered—an ill-bred child does so reflect upon one's own family! And what are good manners but observances of Rule? In Turkestan the American College Expedition found that it was a compliment and courtesy to eat out of one dish, using one's fingers as utensils; while America prefers forks and spoons. The difference is one of Rule, not of inherent and ethical distinction. It would have been unmannerly to have disregarded the laws of hospitality. All that parent and state can really do is to implant knowledge of rules of some kind in a child's memory, and to imprint them on its will and conduct. Do we use this principle in preparing our children for life? Or do we try to let them avoid the unavoidable? There is no escaping from Rule—we do not even eat when or what we please—we follow rules, and, if we wanted to disregard them, the family or our very servants would prevent us.

What are fashions but rules?

What is patriotism but consciousness of a civil Rule under which we live, and which we must support?

"Ignorance of the law is no defence" is a legal axiom, which Tom likes to quote to me. It is certainly the mainspring of our social relations. Because we recognize the infallibility of this principle, we seek to preserve our children's social status by training them as Disciples of Convention; Chelas of Madame Grundy.

Lots of women, I know, would deny this, but even they are rule-bound; convention-devotees. It may be that they are bound to the "up-to-the-minute-convention" that they "defy tradition," or "disregard established conventions," but, poor dears, they are the most slavishly, stupidly rule-ridden people I know, because they are not volunteers, but have been drafted, and drafted without having had any real intention to serve.

The very ability to maintain physical existence depends upon observance of Rule. If I lean too far out of my apartment window I shall fall to the pavement 200 and more feet below, so I adopt the Rule of not leaning out too far, and I teach my children the Rule not to lean out at all.

Take it in the "education" of our children—rules do rule. I should prefer to use the old New England term "Schooling," for what we call "education" I believe to be only a small part of real education. Even the school that stands most firmly on the unstable platform of "developing

the individual expression" has its rules which must be observed and even obeyed. The non-observer of rules ends with utter loss of freedom and generally ends in one of four places, jail, asylum, hospital or a prematurely occupied grave.

These generalities may explain why it is that I have persisted in keeping my children under Rule and why it was that, as my love for them grew, I increased the number and nicety of the rules, and enforced more exactly their observance. Physically, the child progresses through an evolution and development before he or she becomes a self-supporting organism—why should we think it possible to ignore this principle in other relations of life? Why should I dare to let one of my little girl's "temperamental peculiarities" govern her conduct, when I have worked so hard to make her walk aright, and to keep her backbone straight? What difference is there, I wonder, in God's eyes, between a twisted backbone or a twisted will, if both were twisted into ineffectiveness through parental neglect? In either case there was a "temperamental peculiarity" to start with.

The law of the land will not let me deprive my child of physical food to the point of starvation. I should be jailed and should lose my control of my child if I persisted in disregarding this man-made law. It frightens me often when I ask myself what is God's law, and its penalties, in regard to inner and spiritual sustenance?

This is one reason why I have made my daughters go to church. People who know that I belong to the T. S. ask me how I reconcile the principle of tolerance, with making my children go to church when they do not want to go. It is because I do not believe that a child has evolved enough to know what it really wants, nor what is really best for it. By some marvel of Omniscience I have been deemed, with all my faults, the one right person to give my children guidance. I certainly am not going to put into my place a 14-year-old girl, however much I may admire her. So I send her to church to give her a structural form for future expression.

In civil law, in mechanical law, there is no such thing as conditional or delayed obedience—obedience must be instant and exact. I may not want to drive my car on the right-hand side of the road, to use one illustration. I may want to lean out of the window too far "just for an instant"—but no consideration is shown to my intention to obey the law of gravity a little later—I simply splash on the pavement. So it is that I do not dare to let my children obey tardily, nor do I excuse disobedience. An Army woman I have heard of taught her sons that tardy obedience was "disobedience plus cowardice." Is there an uglier vice in man or woman than cowardice?

While I hope my daughters may never be permitted to vote (even should they desire it, which Heaven forbid), yet I know that they will have both legal and social relations to observe in the future, when they are personally responsible for their own acts. So it is that I try now to train them to be considerate of others. It is "my" apartment, but if I let my

children disregard the comfort of those in the apartment below us by temperamental expression in jumping on the floor, I shall be preparing them to disregard the laws, later, when the punishment must fall on them—and not upon me. Yet it will have been my neglect or cowardice which trained them as law-breakers-in-embryo. I say "cowardice" because it is so often hard for me to be strict with them. To be sure strictness may sometimes make them think less lovingly of me. What of that? I am here to prove my love for them, not to try to get a false love from them today, which they will have to pay for in loss and suffering tomorrow. I remember the first time I whipped one of my daughters after I had returned to the family. Right in the middle of the punishment I stopped and fled, for I found myself enjoying the relief to my temper in chastising the child. I had a long fight with myself before I could see that the fault was not in using punishment for the child's good, but that I needed to correct my attitude, to control my temper. This was no excuse, however, for depriving the child of training at the least possible cost to her.

Which is better—to make a child eat properly, even at the cost of a little physical pain or to let her wreck her health later, when she will suffer more and will perhaps bring into the world children who will suffer? If I have to whip a child into good habits now, I would rather do so than let pain and disgrace whip her without surcease in her maturity. "I can't make Alice stop eating candy" wails one friend of mine, whose own wayward aunt is never spoken of nowadays—we do not know whether she is dead or alive.

Children do grow to do things automatically and by habit, just by doing them, and it works *vice versa*. My little girls, as they grow, will have growing with them the habits of thinking of others, of expecting penalties for wrong acts and of being obedient. Are not these better habits than selfishness, gluttony and disobedience—which will be punished terribly if carried on into maturity? We are members of the animal kingdom—whether we like it or not. It made my little girls furious to find human beings so classified, when I took them to the Natural History Museum. Yet people nowadays seem to forget this. There is no animal which will not take what it wants, when it can get it without obvious risk. What good is it to tell Alice that the candy she eats now is bad for her health later? She cannot understand. She would understand a severe whipping combined with the certain knowledge that others would come as often as she broke the rule and ate forbidden candy.

But what has all this to do with discipleship? I must be very stupid if I have not made it clear that because I love my children I have learned to lay my yoke upon them, to make them conform to my Rule for their own dear little sakes. Does the Master love less courageously than I love? Has He less wisdom? Should I not rejoice when He lays His yoke on me, for I, assuredly, should be able to comprehend the love behind the seeming severity which will persist only until I have learned to

conform to the plan He has laid out for me. I did not begin to teach my youngest daughter to read out of an unabridged dictionary. My three children do not use the same study books nor follow identical regimes. It would be folly to expect me to explain these distinctions or differences to them. I find that it is bad for them to give them reasons for my insisting on a given rule. I must inculcate obedience, not complacent compliance.

Why then should I dare to consider the Master less wise than I am and ask Him to make everything clear to me? There is not one of my dear little girls who would not change her own rule of life if I allowed her to do so. There is not one of them old enough, nor wise enough, to make it safe to let her make her own rules. Do I know more than God? Would it be safe to trust me to order my own Fate?

In training and educating a child one starts with simple and elementary lessons. If one wishes to secure perfection, later, one insists upon an absolute nicety in observance, and an unfailing exactness in these niceties, before progress is permitted. I could not have used my musical ability to solace my husband's last days with me if my own mother and teachers had not been so "merciless" towards me, in insisting upon those many and painful hours of "stupid" and "useless" practicing. I do the same with my daughters. Has God a lower standard of excellence of attainment for His children than we have for ours? While I have virtues in embryo, and good qualities lacking in technical excellence, why should I complain if Life holds me back that I may keep on practicing until I am capable of learning more difficult lessons? While I cannot be certain of controlling my tongue, is it not well that I should suffer from Cousin Caroline's, as a warning of what I might become if I persist in her ways?

Parenthood has taught me to know something more than I had dreamed I could ever know of what it may mean "to praise, to reverence, and to serve God, our Lord, and by this means to save his (one's) soul." On the other hand the seeking to be a disciple has helped me to be a better parent. One great fact stands out in both—one must be under Rule to live.

"Under rule"—why that means never letting up—even for an instant. Take it in the Army—a Regular is never permitted to "let up." A tired man in civil life may sleep on duty and be forgiven, but in war time the sleeping sentry is shot. Even in our own national democracy, in war time both volunteers and drafted men go under the same strict law under which the Regulars fight. We are taught, by clergymen and biologists alike, that life is war. So we ought to be Regulars, too, ought we not? "Regulars" never "let up" when on duty. I do not believe we can afford to, either. I tried to teach my little girls that "let ups are horrid"—their own verdict at the end of the experiment. I gave them a "free day" recently. We were off in the country where no harm could ensue. No plans were made for the day; no rules were in force. We were all tired

and bored and cross by night fall. It was a wasted day and we none of us liked it. Is a wasted, unplanned, lawless life any happier?

Of course the Devil is out of fashion nowadays. I did not believe in his existence until I read a wonderful *Life of Jesus,* by a great Oxford professor, who made it clear that, if we postulate Christ as a centre of divine Consciousness for good, we must postulate as a counterbalance, or "equal and opposite reaction," Satan, as a centre of consciousness for evil —and man with his freedom of choice must take sides. Christ does overcome Satan single-handed, but even Christ cannot save us, when we join forces with Satan. Is this horribly old-fashioned doctrine? It is simple fact to any one who, inspired by unselfish love, has fought the Devil to save a child. There is, I believe, something that must be like a miniature Devil, trying to get into each one of us, and feed on our souls. It seems easier for the Devil to get into a child—unless its parents keep on the watch. I get very, very tired sometimes. I feel as if I must let something go. "Don't be too hard on the child, ma'am," my old nurse used to say to my mother. "I won't be," my mother would reply, "and so I will be hard on myself and punish the child." How few women nowadays are so wise, so courageous, so loving. It is "hard on the child" if the parent relaxes discipline and to do that is so easy for the parent. One's own personal Devil is ready to whisper sophistry, and to plead for "tenderness," but it is "tenderness" for the Devil and not for the child.

At a meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., which I attended, a young man told a story which has more than once nerved me not to "let up" on a naughty child—for the child's sake. He said that one of his sisters had trained her dog very carefully. Part of the Rule of the dog's life was that it must not get up on a sofa. Once in a while the younger sister would yield to the puppy's pleading, and invite him to lie on the sofa beside her. The dog never accepted this as a privilege, but took it as a precedent, and would then get up on the sofa uninvited. It would take a month of punishment and training to make up for a single moment's soft-hearted relaxation. Children are very much like puppies in that sort of thing. One dares never relax—that is if one is working for their happiness, rather than one's own momentary comfort.

If it makes me sad and lonely not to be able to relax with my children, during their training, what must be the sadness and loneliness of the Master that He may not seek solace in relaxing towards me! That nerves me to try to hasten my own training, that I may "grow-up" and become His companion-child, as I know my children will become towards me. But all my love cannot change the evolutionary Law. I must wait for them to grow, and I, in turn, must wait and trust until I "grow" too.

This rule of no-relaxing as proof of a parent's love brings one up hard against an "up-to-the-minute" prejudice. Most of the parents of my acquaintance believe in "free periods" in a child's day, week, month and year. It is, perhaps, a "free period" for the parent, but it certainly is bad for the child. I have grown to wonder if the real meaning of

"vacation" may not be "vacated by the soul, but occupied by the Devil." I do not always succeed but I do try to keep track of every moment of my children's lives. If I am not with them, I want them to be doing something that has been planned, and to be doing that something right. If they are not alone, I want them to be with some one whom I trust, and of whom I approve as a beneficial influence in their lives. Now if I have learned this to be best, why deny equal wisdom and greater power to God in planning my life in detail? When I believe this, I do not care about troubles or worries, or even sorrow, for I see them all as part of God's planning for His child. When my bills seem heavy, and my finances hopeless, it does not mean to me "hard luck"—it means that I still need to learn how to plan and to save and to utilize the gifts I have, before I may get others.

Some of my friends, who know that my children are under a non-relaxing Rule, tell me that I am Prussian in my ideals. They say they cannot understand why, if I want Prussian methods used with my children, I should have sent Fraulein away, and taken so much care on myself. And while my intuition and experience both declare to me that I took the right course, it is difficult to explain my reasons for it to those whose ideals differ so from my own. To me the whole matter is not a question of methods at all, but of intention and aim. The Prussian certainly does use childhood training and discipline, but uses them to destroy free will and to inculcate *Kultur*. The fact that he uses them does not mean, to me, that childhood training and discipline are bad. It emphasizes all the more the Prussian wickedness in that he uses such splendid things for such base ends. Nothing could have pleased the Devil more than to see those splendid, undisciplined, unorganized young Englishmen whose lives were so unhesitatingly thrown away in the second stage of the war—those days of the first of Kitchener's Army, when the British Regulars were wiped out, holding the lines imperilled by their gallant, undisciplined comrades.

Fraulein's intention and aim in training my children was to make them obedient and efficient, and to make them staunch adherents of Prussian methods and *Kultur;* her effort to this latter end was so insidious that I should have been helpless to counteract it. Her discipline was admirable but it was not rooted, as I trust mine is, in a determination to prepare those children to become the faithful servants and soldiers of our great Master, to train body and brain so that they may faithfully respond to the demands of the soul that is to use them as its instrument for service and growth. How can those women who give such intelligent, unremitting care to the proper training of a hunting dog, to make him fit for a relatively unimportant service, find fault with the time and thought and prayers that I give to the training of the animal bodies through which the souls of my children are to do or to fail to do the service that the Master desired from them when He mapped out this life for them? Would they, with their experience as trainers, suggest to me

that I substitute for parental rule a council of democracy, composed of a 14-year-old, an 11-year-old and an 8-year-old? Are these children competent to take the responsibility?

One last word—really a woman's postscript. If you love your children more than yourself, then sacrifice yourself for them in maintaining rule—for they will have to accept rule later, or be punished. And take quite literally Christ's teaching that we must become as little children, which means to me that we must love and trust Him as we wish our children to love and trust us.

MERCY FARMER.

We know not exactly how low the least degree of obedience is, which will bring a man to heaven; but this we are quite sure of, that he who aims no higher will be sure to fall short even of that, and that he who goes farthest beyond it will be most blessed. JOHN KEBLE.

FROM THE HIGHLANDS OF LEMURIA

III

Two Atlantean Colonies in Mexico

MME. BLAVATSKY tells us, in *The Secret Doctrine,* that Atlantis was the prolongation, and afterwards the survivor of Lemuria. Several regions still existing seem to have belonged first to Lemuria and later to Atlantis. Mexico appears to have been one of these Lemuro-Atlantean regions; Scandinavia seems to have been another. Apparently western Mexico, probably including Southern California, was joined to Lemuria at an immensely remote period, probably a million years ago, when, as has already been related, certain groups of birds akin to the scarlet tanagers, inhabited the Lemuro-Mexican region, which included the peaks of Hawaii. So it comes that the descendants of these birds are still found both in the Hawaiian Islands and in the American continent; one of their peculiarities, in both regions, is the seasonal change of plumage from scarlet to green.

Professor William Niven has for a number of years devoted his leisure to the exploration of the buried cities in the valley of Mexico and, in a profoundly interesting narrative recently contributed to *The Mexican Review,* some account is given of his discoveries, which are the more interesting to us, because they have led him to accept the Atlantean theory completely, so that he even proposes to give the name Atlantan to one of the superposed civilizations which he has unearthed.

For he has laid bare a series of successive civilizations, each destroyed by a natural cataclysm, and separated from its successor by enormous spaces of time; one city being built upon the buried ruins of another, as Schliemann discovered in his excavations at Troy, and, as we are told, on high authority, in *Five Years of Theosophy,* there are several buried cities beneath the present town of Florence. Natural advantages of position, with regard to a river, a fertile valley, a rich deposit of minerals, would account for this; the same advantages would attract successive peoples to the same site.

Professor Niven discovered the buried cities of the oldest Mexican civilization he has yet unearthed (the race to which he has given the name Atlantan), at great depths, in some cases as much as sixty feet below the present surface. This civilization, which was probably Lemurian rather than Atlantean, was completely wiped out by a series of volcanic eruptions, its buried cities being covered with a thick deposit of volcanic ash: Lemurian prototypes of Pompeii. And it is of immense interest that, just as the bodies of Pompeian citizens, who were overtaken while

fleeing from that famous catastrophe, have been found buried in the volcanic ashes of Mount Vesuvius, so escaping "Atlanteans," were overwhelmed by the falling ashes of the volcanoes close to Mexico City; their skeletons have been recovered from depths of sixty feet. This is the more interesting, because *The Secret Doctrine* records that "Lemuria was destroyed by fire; Atlantis by water."

At present, the formation of new layers of soil is going on very slowly, so slowly that the giant cypress trees at Chapultepec under which Montezuma walked four centuries ago are practically unaltered in position. But we may obtain a working average for the rapidity of earth deposition from other regions. Thus in the Somme valley, dated Roman coins are found at a depth which shows that soil there has formed at the rate of three centimetres a century. Sections of peat in Ireland, subjected to microscopic examination, show fine layers of yearly growth, a thousand being contained in a foot thick of peat. These two bases of measurement give the same result: a foot of thickness in a thousand years. If we apply this standard to the deepest layer of buried cities so far laid bare by Professor Niven, at a depth of sixty feet, we shall get an antiquity of sixty thousand years.

But long periods of development certainly stretch back behind even these ancient cities, since they show a very considerable advancement in the arts of life, and evidences of very considerable culture, religious life and scientific knowledge. For example, there is much artistic skill shown in the design of a censer, decorated with the figure of the god of flowers; and small portrait busts, of which Professor Niven has unearthed large numbers, seem to have taken the place of oil paintings or photographs. There appear to have been two distinct races, one of marked Chinese type, the other with Egyptian features, if we judge by these small portrait busts. The former, who in all likelihood came from the west, from the Pacific side, are probably "Lemuro-Atlanteans;" the latter, "Atlanteans," related to the ancestors of the ancient Egyptians. We are even told that Chinese characters have been found on some of the objects unearthed, but these do not seem to be among the most ancient. We are further told that Carl Lumholtz, who made a reputation by his book on the cannibals of Queensland, has found in the remote fastnesses of the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico, a race in whose language numbers of Chinese vocables are still found; this race may possibly be a survival of the ancient Lemuro-Atlantean colony in Mexico. There is nothing impossible, or even improbable, in this; since we have seen that widely spread elements of the far older Lemurian languages are in common use throughout the Polynesian islands even to-day. The language of the Pharaohs has still a living descendant in the Coptic tongue, which was extensively used in the deciphering of the Demotic and Hieroglyphic inscriptions; and it is said that there are descendants of the ancient Chaldeans among the water-carriers of Tiflis.

Among the interesting relics dug up by Professor Niven, there is

one, a small, rudely carved statuette, which has exactly the features and appearance of the huge, grotesque statues on Easter Island, some of which are in the British Museum. The resemblance is so complete that it irresistibly suggests a former connection between this Mexican colony and that part of Lemuria of which Easter Island is a survival. "The Easter Island relics are the most astounding and eloquent memorials of the primeval giants. They are as grand as they are mysterious; and one has but to examine the heads of the colossal statues, that have remained unbroken on that island, to recognize in them at a glance the features of the type and character attributed to the Fourth Race giants. They seem of one cast though different in features—that of a distinctly sensual type, such as the Atlanteans (the Daityas and "Atalantians") are represented to have in the esoteric Hindu books . . . the brood of mighty sorcerers." (*The Secret Doctrine,* vol. II, p. 224.)

There is abundant evidence of the domination of sorcery in Mexico, not only at the time of the Spanish conquest four centuries ago, but for ages before that: the evidence supplied by the existence of a powerful priesthood practising human sacrifices, in which it was the custom to cut to the heart of a living victim, thus supplying the powers of evil with a material basis for manifestation, in a way resembling the materializations of spiritualistic séances. It appears that these human sacrifices took place on the flattened summits of the pyramid temples which are characteristic of the older ruins throughout Mexico, and especially in Yucatan and the regions further south, in Central America.

The succession of civilizations has been clearly revealed by the excavations of Professor Niven, as recorded in *The Mexican Review.* Above the most ancient level of remains is, as has been already said, a thick layer of volcanic ashes, showing that this civilization was destroyed by fire. Then follows a layer of earth, several feet thick. Above this begin the remains of a second civilization, which Professor Niven, finding no sufficient indication of its ethnical character, has negatively named "pre-Aztec." This civilization was evidently destroyed in its turn by water, since its remains are covered by a thick layer of mixed gravel and sand, obviously laid down by water, in a series of inundations. Above this is a second layer of earth, with a layer of remains above it, which represents a third civilization, which Professor Niven calls "Aztec."

An extremely interesting section of these superposed civilizations is shown in a hill at San Juan Teotihuacan, some thirty miles to the south-east of Mexico city. A railroad cutting through the hill gives a cross section of successive cities, one above the other, the thick blocks of the paved streets being worn into deep ruts and cavities by the feet of the citizens passing and repassing through countless centuries. One feature in this layer of cities is described by Professor Niven, but not explained: the houses are found to be filled with masses of broken stone, not with volcanic ash, as at Pompeii, nor with lava, as at Herculaneum.

There are many sites of ancient cities not far from Mexico City and

immediately to the south. In the seldom visited valleys of the Sierra Madre mountains, stretching up to the north-west, towards Arizona, Carl Lumholtz found the ruins of huge stone fortresses, built of rough blocks. He also found tribes of "cave-dwellers," who may be the descendants of some of these old Lemuro-Atlantean colonies. We may be able, later, to recount some of their world-theories, comparing them with those which have been already recorded, from the peaks of Lemuria, scattered through the vast spaces of Polynesia.

There is an important group of Atlantean ruins in the peninsula of Yucatan, in south-eastern Mexico, a general description of which has also appeared in *The Mexican Review*. It seems that the sites of a hundred and seventy-two cities have already been identified, though so far very inadequately excavated or described. Most of them are buried in the densest tropical jungle, fever-infested and inaccessible. It is possible to pass quite close to these hidden cities without even suspecting their presence. Two are also so large, that it is estimated that they had each half a million inhabitants; and in them are found the pyramid temples, on whose summits human sacrifices were offered, sacrifices of sorcery, to invoke the help of powers of evil. The recorder of these discoveries in Yucatan appears to believe that these huge blocks of hard stone were cut and even elaborately carved by masons and sculptors using only flint axes and knives. But this is difficult to believe; and, as Carl Lumholtz found fine cutting implements of hardened copper—practically bronze—among tribes of Indians in the remote Sierra Madre valleys—copper implements of the shapes made familiar by the discoveries of the Bronze Period in Europe—it is not too much to suppose that the Yucatan builders also made use of graving tools of hardened bronze. And no practical demonstration has been given, that hard rock can, in fact, be hewn and carved with implements of flint.

This very imperfect account of these vitally interesting discoveries shows that, while much has been done already, far more remains to be done; and it would seem that Carl Lumholtz has hit upon a valuable clue, though he does not appear to have followed it up: to begin, namely, by bringing together all the light which might be shed on the past of Mexico by a detailed and faithful study of present conditions, language, art processes and so on, among the Sierra Madre Indians and the natives of Yucatan and Central America. Thus many of the conventional patterns on earthenware bowls, which he illustrates, and all of which appear to have symbolical meanings, closely resemble the symbolical figures in the so-called hieroglyphics found in Yucatan; a clue to the meaning of the latter might well be found through a study of the former, just as very valuable clues to the ancient language of the Pharaohs, recorded in equally mysterious hieroglyphics, were found through a study of the Coptic language, which is still studied in Egyptian monasteries.

Further, there is the abundant and still little studied literature gathered and preserved by the early Spaniards, long before the earliest

settlements made by English colonists on the shores of the New World. Thus there is a complete and beautifully printed Aztec-Mexican Dictionary, which was published in Mexico City about the time of Shakespeare's birth. And there is the wonderful text of the Popul-Vuh, which gives a marvelously vivid account of some of the earliest races, with their almost divine powers and many passages in which have admirable qualities of eloquence and devotional fervour.

But this rich material is almost neglected; there is little study of it and less co-ordination. When this study is fully developed and its results intelligently applied to the monuments excavated in Yucatan and elsewhere, we may confidently expect that many chapters of Atlantean history will be restored to the world, and that most valuable corroborations of *The Secret Doctrine* will be furnished.

C. J.

(To be continued.)

"The Saint is one who lives life with high enjoyment, and with a vital zest; he chooses holiness because of its irresistible beauty, and because of the appeal it makes to his mind. He does not creep through life ashamed, depressed, anxious, letting ordinary delights slip through his nerveless fingers; and if he denies himself common pleasure it is because, if indulged, they thwart and mar his purer and more lively joys."

A. C. Benson.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

STANDING at the window of the living room one November day, years ago, we watched the storm sweep down the river, across the cornfields and over the alfalfa-rooted hillside to wrap its terrible strength around the big old trees that sheltered our house on the hill's top. Because the lightning tore the heavens open and the thunder cannonaded, the two older women who, too, had watched the onrushing storm, fled from the window. Trembling with fear, my face pressed against the cold glass, I watched the poplars twist in spirals and the limbs of our tough elms bow until their branches swept the ground. The next morning we counted the wreck of fourteen trees, broken and flat on the earth.

One spring, in a later year, the snows melted unexpectedly soon on the mountains, and the loosened waters rushed down the frost-stripped sides into the two streams that form the Ohio. The river rose swiftly in the night. We wakened to find ourselves girdled; as far back as we could look toward the Indiana boundary line and the Kentucky hills, reached the waters. Ribboning toward the Indiana line, was the railroad track, the only dry surface above the stretches of water. Its protection against the bombardment of the flood was the heavy sacks of sand that train crews had been piling against the embankments during the night.

When we "walked the ties," that I might reach the village in whose school I was teaching, the waters were rising inch by inch. It was possible the flood could creep upon us more swifty than we could pick our way over the ties of the railroad bridge and tracks, and carry us, helpless, across the fearful, desolate waters.

Those two memories of the power of wind and water come back to me when I try to think of my first gropings toward God. They left me with indelible images of His power in the physical realm. Many times since then, in realms other than the physical, I have seen His sudden devastation at work. I think I should have been carried with the other wreckage to destruction, had not Theosophy come to show me glimpses of His purposes.

I wonder if you, my friends in Theosophy, who perhaps were reared in orthodoxy, can know what this knowledge means to one who, all her previous years, had been destitute of it? Your knowledge had not to leap, full-armoured, into being. Probably it was transmuted, but it always *was;* there were no vacant years when you walked without the grace of some conception, either vague or indefinite, of Him.

During childhood and early womanhood, I think I was searching for Him rather wistfully in an agnostic home such as the skeptical science of the past half-century bred, the girls and boys in the neighborhood were church and Sunday-school farers. The children of our family went to church and Sunday-school with intermittent frequency, in exact measure as our schoolmates were evangelistically persuasive. We wondered a little at their implicit acceptance of the prayers they said, the songs they sang, the sermons they heard. I puzzled over the creed when my comrades, at the accepted adolescent age, were "joining the church."

During heedless University days when I foolishly boasted of unfaith, came the first ray of Light. With neither warning nor prelude, there was, one Sunday morning, a rush of understanding through the gates of the lower mind. Perhaps the morning sermon had turned the key of those locked doors; perhaps some vigorous metaphysical teaching of the stormy old professor of our philosophy classes suddenly lighted my dark mind-corners. I do not know how nor why the knowledge came. I remember only the rapt young joy of knowing that I knew *God was spirit, all-embracing, all-present, all-comforting, all-divine.*

Suddenly to have the clamps on one's understanding loosened, suddenly to be swept loose and far into a mystic sea would have been bewildering utterly, I think, had not the knowledge come with curious, immediate conviction and certainty. Phrases and dogmas from the prayer-book, pages from the Church fathers, sentences from the Transcendentalists, leaped into meaning.

There were everyday days and years; dull hours following that first radiance: but the quickening had begun. Recrudescent in bleak months of trial, the knowledge of Him lived. On moonless nights, I, who previously had had no faith in nor knowledge of the Unseen, could lay my cheek against the black boles of the trees and hear the whispers of their spirit-voices; on August days I could hear the living message of the brown hills; in city street cars I could catch, in the faces across the aisle, glimpses of tender divinity.

Then in the quick course of years, came Theosophy. A chance sentence repeated from what "Somebody said" of the teaching of Karma and reincarnation, rested lightly at first, but with curious insistence. Its leading brought me to some strange doorways, but it led me also to the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society. Of that gracious Karma I am humbly undeserving.

Temperamentally I have been forced to go by the slow route of satisfying the dull and stupid lower mind. It has been a route that has wasted precious hours on the journey to Him. I have stopped by the way to look into cults that were called Theosophical or occult. In my heart's depth I knew that I was at home in the New York

Branch; that there I found not merely a teaching in spoken words, not merely theories laid down on printed pages, but the sole justification of occultism and mysticism—lives so unflinchingly and uncompromisingly lived as to make them channels of the Most High. There I found leadership that demanded no applause, that prided itself with none of the clap-trap of psychism.

In other organizations I watched dear friends led by the revelations, so-termed, of clairvoyants inspired of their master, the devil. I saw them substitute this grotesque external leadership for the holy power that can come only from the Master within. I have seen them apotheosize the mental and astral powers, so ignorant of higher powers that they did not recognize their own confusion. I have grieved to watch them go down the dark path on which they have, with fatal loyalty, surrendered themselves to those whose teaching is fluent with Theosophical terms, but whose lives are either stagnant horrors or actively retroversive.

Slowly I have passed from no knowledge of God to a spiritual hunger for Him. Supplementing the first crude realization of His power, expressed in the elements of wind and water, and the swift mystic conception that came on my sacred Sunday long ago, Theosophy has given me an intellectual concept and the beginnings of higher understanding. It has made me a churchwoman. At the altar rail, the walls of the flesh down, I know I am fed with the spiritual food of His broken body and that I drank the blood He shed.

Theosophy extends the hour of communion beyond the chancel. In daily meditation it helps me to realize the secret meaning of the prayer-book words that formerly were paganly insignificant and pantheistic—"and made one body with him that he may dwell in us and we in him."

Reaching beyond set occasions and hours, Theosophy gives sweet reasonableness to the plea of the old monk, Brother Lawrence, for the practice of the presence of God daily and hourly, as the rule whereby one may live a holy life.

I have lifted only the drop-curtain. I must put aside my other screens before I shall have True Vision. I have begun barely to try to make pragmatic my elementary knowledge of Him.

I am glad Theosophy has re-polarized my life. God has been given to me. Theosophy has replaced intellectual flippancy regarding Him, with the purpose of righteousness—a purpose which, sadly enough, daily begins, fails and begins again to execute itself.

Some day I shall mount to His very presence. Meantime, in storm and in silence, in quiet nights and on days of sunlight or downpouring rain, in hours of war-cataclysm, or in serene moments of Divine Union, I am glad to know He holds us in His hand.

G. L. S.

PREPAREDNESS

THE joy of camping is greatly enhanced for most people by the delight of long weeks of preparation, during which one makes a careful survey of his needs, and reviews with happy anticipations the experiences of other camping trips, either his own or those of the friend in whose steps he intends to follow. Many a camper gives his leisure moments during an entire winter to planning out new arrangements for the coming summer, new ways of taking his chosen companions into the heart of the woods. To be sure he knows that a thousand chances may render impossible the assembling of the special party of friends he desires to take with him, but he is content to go to endless trouble in devising special outfits just suited to them, individually, on the chance that when the time comes they may be able to make the trip.

That eager use of the imagination, that happy industry are indeed admirable, but would they survive the shock if we were to ask that camping enthusiast whether he had ever tried the experiment of using the same faculties in making some preparation for another trip that he is certain to take, one of these days—the trip to that world which is entered through the portal of death. In general terms we readily admit that all men must die, and yet to come to closer grips with that inevitable fact frequently appears to be regarded, even in a soldier, as either unmannerly, or unnecessary, or morbid—at least by the large majority of people in the Protestant world. If you pick up a book by an unknown author and find him speaking of death as a time of spiritual combat, or measuring actions by the view one will take of them when he stands before a just God—you feel that you have data sufficient for the conclusion that the writer is a Catholic. Yet the certainty of the termination of life is not restricted to the adherents of that church; those outside its fold are just as surely drawing nearer, momentarily, to their hour of death. Why, then, this extraordinary conspiracy, as it would seem, to ignore the inevitable?

One brilliant day last summer, a number of friends sat looking out onto a woodland, full of flowers, insects and birds, through which the tide of life seemed to be setting so strong that the first impression one got from it was of abounding life. Suddenly one of the number spoke of death, apparently feeling no incongruity between it and the pulsating life of the day. In some way we all fell quite comfortably into a discussion of this unusual theme. One argued convincingly that most men really did not believe in death,—history, science, and observation to the contrary notwithstanding. There was much to be said for this theory; all of us had experienced the shock

of surprise that comes when a friend casually mentions how lonely it will be for him when *we* are gone, speaking in a tone that implies intimate knowledge of the Almighty's plans for our early demise, and for his own continued existence.

Another was inclined to the view that it was man's intuitive sense of his immortality that made him such a sceptic as to his own death. This was challenged by a third who argued that there could be no immortality for the personality, which was also clearly the part of a man that refused to entertain the idea of death, balked before the mention of it. Some one else asked, pugnaciously, Are we ever really prepared for the death of anybody connected with us? It may come in ripe old age or at the termination of a long illness, when our hearts have been torn with the sufferings of the sick person, from which death is the only possible relief. Even under those circumstances death brings a physical shock to the entire family circle,—and this is quite apart from the grief over the loss of the loved one; the advent of death is a distinct shock even to those whose hearts are not touched.

That is true, we all admitted, but not distinctive of death. One by one each of the married men present was led to admit that shock was also incident to having entered the marriage state. It might come soon or late, but there was a day when one discovered with a shock that he was married; he had perhaps moved heaven and earth to bring it about, finally succeeded, and then discovered, right in the midst of his joy and satisfaction, that something new and strange had come over him.

This comparison, far from daunting the first speaker, was welcomed as unexpected confirmation of the original proposition. It might similarly be expected that man would experience shock when he came to consciousness apart from his body, and found that he had experienced the change of state called death. But what, it was asked, would he then wish he had done before death put an end to his activities in that particular physical body? What preparations would he wish he had made? Presumably it had taken a long time, and much experience of acute starvation, to convince men that it was necessary to do long-continued work in their fields in spring and summer if they wished to avoid going hungry in the cold winter days to come. Finally that necessity came to be accepted; until now a considerable portion of the work of the world is done in anticipation of future needs. And it apparently never occurs to the toilers, amid their frequent and formidable complaints, to find hardship or gloom in the fact that their work is being done to provide against future need. They do not think of declaring that it worries them beyond endurance to be asked to cultivate a field of young corn which cannot possibly be of use to anybody for three months.

A hitherto silent member of the group declared that the explanation of our problem was to be found just there. Mankind resolutely refused to take death into account because there seemed to be nothing to do about it. Right living surely was the proper preparation for right dying, and so one did struggle to make his life approach nearer to his ideal. How would it help him there to be continually calling up mournful pictures of a Judgment Day, or to close each day with the dreary thought that it had brought him one step nearer his end? Was there anything sensible, encouraging, heartening to better endeavour, that went with such practices?

The friend who had introduced this discussion was becoming very much amused over the gloom that it was bringing to faces that were well tutored to an impassive placidity, and so asked the last speaker what practices he suspected would be indulged in by one who courted the idea of making definite preparation for death. Much thinking about it, many dreary prayers and a refusal to do many pleasant and natural things, because one must some day die, summed up the various notions advanced. Just how these would prepare a man for death was not clear to any of those who proposed them. Finally a business man who was drawn into the circle and had not heard all the previous discussion, suggested that if he were making a trip to his Alaska properties he would not get ready to go in any such indefinite ways as had been outlined; if he did, his business at home would be left in a snarl and he would find himself only half equipped for his work in Alaska when he had arrived. Led on by questions, this man gave a rapid, enthusiastic sketch of his own methods in preparing his data and equipment for an important business trip; both how he made himself ready to meet the situation to which he was going, and also how he went over the work he had in hand, to see whether there were any additional provisions he wanted to make, any messages that he ought to give to those whom he was leaving, any weak spots that required strengthening before he left.

The positive, resourceful mastery that rang out from this man's sketch of a common business experience aroused enthusiastic response; all were agreed that there could be nothing sad or soggy about such preparations but the comparison was not a fair one for in the case of the business man's trip there was something definite to do, while in that matter of death-bed preparation there was not.

Here a laughing but determined protest came from the original champion of preparedness. Nothing definite to do to get ready for death? Yet what a bustle of activity there is whenever a man of affairs suffers some accident that threatens to be fatal. If he is able to transact business, his lawyer is summoned, business associates are called, he finds much to do. Then he turns from these affairs, many of which perhaps could not naturally be transacted until the end of

life, and gives his thought to his family and his personal friends. How much he has to say to them, warnings, advice, expressions of confidence, of affection. If time to review life be granted him, how many odd requests he is likely to make; he recalls a time years back when he took unfair advantage of a rival, and the desire to offer reparation possesses him, he cannot rest until that man is sought out and some amends made to him; he thinks of a friend who did him a good turn which he appreciated and meant to repay in kind but in his busy life the chance to do it never seemed to come. How eagerly he now devises a way of showing his gratitude and affection. His failing strength is generously, gladly given in these varied efforts, yet how many of them could have been done better, done more as he longs to do them, if done when he sat firmly in the saddle, master of all his forces and resources.

This statement of the situation appealed to the business man who heartily declared that he should call that man a poor executive who habitually left his most important duties until the last of the day, allowing small demands and perplexities to crowd the bigger things into the next day; such a man lacked either perspective or the will to grapple with his problems. If he dealt competently with the big ones, there would be fewer difficulties to meet in the minor problems of the day.

It was decided, after much animated discussion, that the same principles also applied in the conduct of a household or a nursery full of children, or a religious community; and if so why not also to the conduct of one's own life. That very term, conduct of one's life, rang strange in the ears of most of the circle. It suggested to some a new occupation which might have elements of interest that they had as yet failed to find.

A student of Theosophy who had so far limited his contributions to occasional questions that seemed to keep the discussion going, now ventured to suggest that life was made fairly exciting in its opportunities for those who regarded it as a continuous thread, with one earth-life after another strung like varicoloured beads on to that vivid life thread. Many a man, after giving fifty years to some pursuit that was dear to him, regretted that he could not go on for another fifty or more with the development of what he had initiated. He could, in the view of this speaker, for countless fifties of years if only his interest be centered in one of the fundamental problems of man's real life; and in that case he certainly could not dislike to face the demand that in this life there should be due preparation for the one to come next after it. He knows that he is now sowing the seed that will spring up and come to harvest in after lives, and he sees nothing dreary or morbid in the constant effort to select for sowing the seeds of fruits that he wishes to reap, nor even in the

patient tracing out and uprooting of weeds that he does not wish to allow to seed themselves in his garden for future lives.

The fear of death, then, would not exist for that fortunate man? This was a defiant question hurled by an imperious old *grande dame,* whose violent knitting throughout the entire conversation had not disguised her deep interest in the subject. She had held death at bay so far, but she recognized that the time was coming when she must face that horror and find a way to pass through his house, without, as she hoped, yielding to his vassalage. All those present honoured her for the painful self revelation of that question; and all turned instinctively to the friend who had first brought forward this hazardous topic, for they felt that no one else was able to respond fittingly to the genuine heart-cry behind the outburst.

In quiet vibrant tones came the gentle reply, " 'Dread' is a term that covers so many different feelings—I find it difficult to answer either yes, or no, for the hero of that sketch. What a man dreads is such a telltale! In one sense, may not even a real hero dread certain encounters? You will, I am sure agree with me," (this was said with a deferential nod to the *grande dame*) that a hero could not dread the possible pain of putting off the phyical body, for that he would find courage and the will to endure, but it must represent to him the end of a bit of work given to him to do; we might say, in the figure already used, the completion of one of the beads on the precious string of life. The time comes for him to present that bead before the Great Artist, to ask his acceptance of it—will He receive it, or will it disappoint Him, and prove a blemish on the symmetry of the whole? Might it even be so marred as to subject Him to the scoff and scorn of His enemies who delight to taunt Him with the failures, the evil things wrought by His children? Dread of this sort would not be that constrictive force from which we all turn as from cowardice, it would be dynamic in each day's effort; it would give joy to every waking, whether to hard or easy tasks, because each new day brings another chance to work for that perfection in following His will which is our appointed goal."

Simple as those words were, there returned with them the sunshine of the day, which for some of us had been blotted out by our unhappy associations with the subject of death and its demands. Here was one, at least, who felt no shrinking from death, who with a sure hand used the knowledge of it as a touchstone. With a common desire we broke through our customary reserves, the conventions that have made "impolite" any recognition of the deeper needs of the human soul,—we asked how the last speaker was wont to make use of death as an initiator. Simply, clearly the question was answered for us. One of the methods suggested was so definite and so new to all of us that we thereupon resolved to try it ourselves.

This was the substance of it, as an exercise to be performed at the end of each month. Set apart a certain time and give it quite completely to this question—If I knew at this moment that I had just a month to live what should I wish to do in that time? One obviously must play fair, must give imagination, expectation, and interest to the game. First would come, perhaps, the recollection of tasks to be completed; looked at in this light we might well discover that some of them were not duties but rather means by which we had chosen to cloak our desire to have our own way, regardless of the needs and the pleasures of others. Evidently such work had better be abandoned, whether life for us were to last days, months, or years.

Next might come pictures of duties we had entirely neglected —how differently they look to us now than when we turned away from them! Indeed we could welcome a month in which to pick up those threads again. Then there is thrown on the screen that last talk with a tried friend; he was fighting some demon of self-will and though he had not recognized his foe he asked for help. The answer one gave him was a pleasantry; and why? It looks in this clear light as though cowardice was the reason for that jest; it was such a risk to undertake to speak out honestly, taking sides against that friend's personality and lining up squarely with and for his soul. Thank heaven, there may be chances found, in the month to come, to show real friendship.

Deeper still, the light must search,—it will show virtues that one began to cultivate and then allowed to fall into neglect, just for want of interest enough to give them daily and hourly attention. Then there are the faults, so clearly recognized as such; some of them so nearly worn out that little more is needed for their conquest than the steady, purposeful piercing of them with the unsheathed will. What might not be done to them, in a month!

So deeper and deeper the searchlight goes, until the field of one's life is covered. And hand in hand with insight goes resolution. "This, and this, and this," says Resolution, "you would wish to do were next month to be your last. It is not mine to promise you that grant of time, nor indeed the hour on which you have just entered, but if you really covet the opportunity to attempt those duties, by all means let us undertake them together, with good will. Should more than the month be given you, we will at its close consider what gain has been made, and what further attempts these gains make possible."

There is more than one of that summer's day party who adopted that practice, and who can testify that it is not dull and despair-breeding, but has furnished armour and weapons for offense in many a combat.

I.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE CAUSES AND CONDUCT OF THE WAR

Part II

The Conduct of the War

TO understand the Causes of the War, it was necessary first to understand what Germany had been thinking and saying during the years before the war. So, in the last *Screen of Time,* before considering Germany's territorial ambitions and the sequence of events which culminated in the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, many recognized authorities were quoted to show that the German attitude of mind was bound to result as it did, and that the real cause of the war must be found in the desire of the German people.

The Conduct of the War must remain almost incredible and quite past understanding, unless it also is seen as the inevitable outcome of the German character and of the German creed.

Behavior is the result of a man's habitual thinking. There is no escape from that. If you would change his conduct, his "policy," you must change his manner of thought, his creed—for his creed consists of the beliefs he acts upon, not of mere words which he echoes. So long as Germany thinks as she has been thinking, so long will she provoke wars for her own aggrandizement and carry them on with the brutality on which she prides herself.

Very few wrongdoers change their manner of thought, their habitual attitude toward life, until intense suffering at last forces them to trace effect to cause, and to recognize the origin of the trouble as within themselves. Conversion means "to turn away from," and Germany, as the result of intense suffering, must be brought to the point at which she will turn away from her evil thinking—from her perverted pride, her devouring egotism, her unscrupulous brutality, her treachery, her malice, her vindictiveness, her contempt of the truth.

If the world is to be saved from slavery and barbarism, Germany must be made to suffer until she turns with all her will, crying to God and man for forgiveness and mercy. These are old-fashioned words, but they speak of real things: Germany must repent. Officially and collectively, she has proved herself a murderer, a violator of women, a brigand and a thief; she uses torture, slavery, outrage, as means to her ends; she is not only unashamed, but she finds proof of her superiority in her ability to do these things ruthlessly and happily. As far as history reaches, no such Evil has been seen in the world before.

It is of supreme importance that the simplicity of the situation be understood. There is and there will be talk of peace. Terms of peace are discussed. Peace! There can be no peace with a murderer

who believes in murder; no peace with a thug who justifies his outrages to himself and boasts of them to his friends. If you make peace with him, you deprive him of his only chance to reform. If you make peace with Satan, what it means is that you have gone over into his camp; you have accepted his standards; you have submitted to his authority. Our own salvation depends upon our refusal to compromise with sin. Our love of comfort, our inertia, our willingness to leave the settlement of trouble to the future; our fear of pain, our dislike of sacrifice, our almost unconquerable self-centredness—all these things conspire to fog the mind and to weaken the will. Germany offers to restore, let us suppose, some of the things she has stolen. Possibly she offers to pay damages for some of the outrages she has committed. Then among weaklings, and even among the weaknesses of strong men, there will go up a cry for Peace! And there will be no peace; there can be no peace, so long as the murderer secretly glories in his crime. There is but one real question: has he repented? Has he turned with horror from his sin? And, if he added robbery to murder, is he making restitution merely because he must, or because he would be miserable unless he did so?

Has America, have the Allies, moral courage enough to fight things out to that ideal end? Probably not. Probably their own fatigue will tempt them, sooner than ought to be, to accept the overtures of cunning, craven Austria, still used by Germany as a catspaw. So the issue will be postponed. But there is this one chance against it: that people everywhere shall come to understand what Germany has done and why she has done it; that they shall see for themselves the insane thinking and the hideously perverted desire which caused both the war and its atrocities; and that they shall resolve that not until Germany as a nation has confessed and lamented her own wickedness, can the world be made safe for decency, or God rest satisfied with the result.

Evil, in other words, must be hated for what it is.

During the early days of the war, a French officer said to Rudyard Kipling:

"'Our national psychology has changed. I do not recognize it myself.'

"'What made the change?'

"'The Boche. If he had been quiet for another twenty years the world must have been his—rotten, but all his. Now he is saving the world.'

"'How?'

"'Because he has shown us what Evil is. We—you and I, England and the rest—had begun to doubt the existence of Evil. The Boche is saving us'" (*France at War,* pp. 41, 42).

But the world is slow to hate. This is because no one can truly hate who does not intensely love. Perfect hatred of Evil is found in Masters alone, because in them only is found the most passionate love of

righteousness. How can impurity be hated except by those who are pure?

Dilutions of Christ's teaching—blasphemous emasculations of His life and doctrine—are not the cause but the product of the world's moral flabbiness in this respect. A Pacifist of necessity is "neither cold nor hot."

In America, at this great distance, we have not had the opportunity that France has had to see with our own eyes the damnable hideousness of Evil. Therefore our national psychology has as yet changed but little. Possibly it would have been more conducive to our own salvation if the Pacifists had had their way; if we had kept out of the war, and had thus made it easy for Germany to invade our shores as she intended, and to carry fire and sword and ruthlessness and outrage into our comfort-loving homes. Then, without so much difficulty, we might have learned to sacrifice self to Righteousness as we rose in horror against the Evil thrust upon us.

As things now are, it is most clearly our duty to acquaint ourselves with the facts. To refuse to look at them because they are revolting, is to refuse to help; is to refuse to serve. A general and vague impression will not sustain us, once we begin to suffer. The "grace of final perseverance" is given to those who deserve it because they have worked for it. Profound and immovable conviction is the reward of right thinking, of honest desire for the truth; and nothing short of such conviction can give us courage to endure all things, or the fire of enthusiasm which makes effort creative and victorious.

For that reason it will be necessary, in these pages, to tell the truth in very plain words. Grown men and grown women—for whom alone these pages are intended—should be glad to suffer rather than remain in ignorance and lukewarmness at this time of world purgation. Each one of us is being tried and tested. Better, surely, to suffer; better to see and know these monsters of cruelty, of lust, of depravity, at their devil's work, than to fail in one's duty at any stage of the conflict, seeing that to fail would be to fail God as well as country; would be to fail man as well as one's own soul.

The philosophy to which Germany's ambition and inherent depravity have pushed her, and which she uses to justify and even to glorify her misconduct, has very clearly been outlined by Professor Vernon Kellogg, who served as chief representative of the American Relief Commission in occupied eastern France. Writing in *The Atlantic Monthly* of August, 1917, he shows how it is that in Germany "the pale ascetic intellectual and the burly, red-faced butcher meet" on the common ground of "no mercy, no 'women-and-children' appeals; no hesitation to use the torch and the firing squad, deportation and enslavement."

The German intellectual believes in the *Allmacht* of a natural selection based on a violent and ruthless struggle for supremacy. For

him, "the test of right in this struggle is success in it. So let every means to victory be used." "He opposes all mercy, all compromise with human soft-heartedness." He has made himself unable to see that altruism, or mutual aid, as the biologists prefer to call it, "is just as truly a fundamental biologic factor of evolution as is the cruel, strictly self-regarding, exterminating kind of struggle for existence with which the Neo-Darwinists try to fill our eyes and ears, to the exclusion of the recognition of all other factors."

It was this philosophy—though he prided himself on having none—which Nietzsche embodied in his doctrine of the Superman; and it is this doctrine of the Superman, characterized by Nietzsche himself as the opposite of Christianity, which serves Germany to-day as her standard of conduct and as proof of her superiority over all other peoples.

In his *Zur Genealogie der Moral* (I, 11), Nietzsche describes the Germans of his ideal in these terms: "Those same men who are so strictly kept within bounds by good manners . . . who, in their behavior to one another, show themselves so inventive in consideration, self-control, delicacy, loyalty, pride and friendship—those very men are, to the outside world, to things foreign and to foreign countries, little better than so many uncaged beasts of prey (*nicht viel besser also losgelassne Raubthiere*). Here they enjoy liberty from all social restraint . . . and become rejoicing monsters (*frohlockende Ungeheuer*), who perhaps go on their way, after a hideous sequence of murder, arson, rape, torture, with as much gaiety and equanimity as if they had merely taken part in some student gambols. . . . Deep in the nature of all these noble races there lurks unmistakably the beast of prey, the blond beast (*blonde Bestie*), lustfully roving in search of plunder and victory (*Beute und Sieg*)."

It is this "ideal" which Germany has tried to make real, and the attainment of which by her soldiers of all ranks has filled her civilian population, including her women, with the most intense pride and satisfaction. They have been amazed that the world has failed to recognize such conclusive proof of German pre-eminence. They have despised the consideration shown to German prisoners in England, explaining it as evidence of fear and of inherent weakness.

Still calling themselves a Christian people—though their intellectuals have for long ceased to do so—they have been at pains to explain to one another that world politics must not be confused by the thought of religion. Thus Friedrich Naumann, member of the Reichstag, founder and leader of the *Deutsche Volkspartei,* and one of the greatest powers in the Germany of today, declares in his *Briefe über Religion* (5th ed., Berlin, 1910; pp. 86, 87) that "we do not consult Jesus when we are concerned with things which belong to the domain of the construction of the State and of Political Economy. This sounds harsh and abrupt for every human being brought up a Christian, but appears to be sound Lutheranism."

The German clergy solve the problem more simply by claiming that Germans are God's chosen people; that above all things He wishes them to triumph over the rest of the world, and that whatever Germans do is done by God. "The German soul is the world's soul; God and Germany belong to one another," says Pastor W. Lehmann in his sermon *On the German God* (Professor J. P. Bang, in *Hurrah and Halleluiah,* p. 83).

Few serious writers are so widely read in Germany as Professor W. Lombard of Berlin, whose formulation of the German creed may be accepted as final, particularly if the "blond beast" be kept in mind. "Nietzsche," he says, "was but the last of the singers and seers who, coming down from the height of heaven, brought to us the tidings that there should be born from us the Son of God, whom in his language he called the Superman" (Bang, *loc. cit.,* p. 53).

With that as their creed, with that attitude toward the world, no wonder that, from the Kaiser to the "pale intellectual," from "pale intellectual" to brute peasant, they behave like devils "for the love of God"—of their God, who is the very spirit of Evil with whom they have allied themselves.

The peasant, though he knows nothing of natural selection, nothing of Nietzsche, nothing of Professor Lombard or even of Pastor Lehmann, draws by osmosis, as it were, from his acknowledged superiors, from his officers and masters, encouragement to give free rein to his native rapacity and lust. A farm for nothing from the Russians; wine for nothing and any other plunder from the French; women for nothing wherever he goes—license to break loose from the restraints which peace imposes upon him: this is his desire (for there is no peasant in the world so brutal as the German), and this it is that makes him willing to submit to the discipline of those who, as he knows, share in substance the same desires with him.

"*Gefickt* [untranslatable] and boozed through the streets of Liége. . . . We live like God in Belgium"—as a German soldier wrote in his diary, in August, 1914 (Bryce *Report,* Appendix, p. 255).

What chance is there for such a creature until he is punished and knows that he is being punished, more terribly than he had imagined possible, for the vileness that is in him? What would he care if all that happened were the removal of a Kaiser and some change in the Constitution? The misfortunes of others are the only things in life which amuse him, which appeal to his brutish humor (what else, for instance, are the Bavarian "joke" stories about?). He would laugh uproariously if his superiors were punished. It would have no other effect. He would remain the beast, and the dangerous beast, that he is. He himself must suffer, and must suffer to the uttermost, before there can be any hope for him.

Himself a slave, he is filled with the belief that, because a German, he is entitled to treat the men and women of other races as if they were animals beneath him. In this respect also, therefore, he is of one heart

and mind with his superiors, who, with an intelligence which he of course does not possess, planned to enslave the world.

Such statements as these cannot be quoted too often: "Germans alone will govern; they alone will exercise political rights; . . . they alone will have the right to become land owners. . . . However, they will condescend so far as to delegate inferior tasks to foreign subjects subservient to Germany" (*Grossdeutschland und Mitteleuropa um das Jahr* 1950, published under the auspices of the *Alldeutscher Verband,* or Pan-German League, Berlin, 1895; p. 48. Quoted by Chéradame, p. 4).

And: "War must leave nothing to the vanquished except eyes to weep over their ill-luck (*unglück*). Moderateness (*bescheidenheit*) would be for us foolishness" (Otto Richard Tannenberg, in *Grossdeutschland, die Arbeit des* 20 *ten Jahrhunderts,* Leipzig, 1911; p. 237).

There, plainly set forth, are the German purpose, the German soul, with Austria-Hungary, like the jackal that she is, trotting in company to pick up the leavings from the big beast's orgies.

It is difficult for Americans to believe such things, so foreign to their own inclination and practice. But they are facts, and must be believed, if we are to do our part in the war. There is proof enough and to spare, not merely of atrocities beyond number, but of the motive which inspired those atrocities. That motive is, to enslave the people whom Germany subjugates.

The United States, Great Britain, France and other nations hold dependencies—such as the Hawaiian Islands, India, Algiers. But they hold them in trust. It is their avowed purpose to develop, not only the resources of territory thus held, but in all ways to benefit the inhabitants and to give them as much freedom as is consistent with their highest welfare.

This is not an empty claim. No one who has travelled widely and who has seen the officials at work who govern such territories, could fail to recognize that their instinctive motive is to benefit the peoples under them.

German domination means the exact opposite of this. It means that Germans, having obtained possession of a country, at once set to work to exploit it for the exclusive benefit of Germans. Its inhabitants are enslaved. Every effort is made to cow them, to bring them abjectly to heel. By means of physical and moral intimidation and outrage, Germany strives systematically to break their spirit, to murder their souls. Poland, Alsace-Lorraine, Africa, bore witness to that for years before the war.

Now for the facts—facts which prove that Germany has done, so far as she was able, according to her desire, according to her nature, according to her declared principles and purposes. Before dealing with the center, however, it will be best to examine the circumference of German action—the works of her servants, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey. "The behavior of a valet will ofttimes reveal his master's character."

Professor R.-A. Reiss, of the University of Lausanne, a practical criminologist, visited Serbia to investigate for himself the reports of Austro-Hungarian atrocities. He had not been convinced by reading the Serbian complaints. In his Report (*How Austria-Hungary Waged War in Serbia;* published by the Librairie Armand Colin, Paris), he says:

"I conducted my inquiry with every necessary precaution. I did not limit myself to questioning hundreds of Austrian prisoners and hundreds of eye-witnesses; I went to the spot, sometimes with shells bursting around me, to inform myself of everything that it was possible to investigate. I opened graves; I examined the dead and wounded; I visited bombarded towns; I went into houses and I carried on there a scientific inquiry, using the most scrupulous methods; in short, I did my utmost to investigate and verify the facts which I report in this work."

Confirmed by independent investigators, such as George M. Trevelyan, the English historian, Dr. Arius van Tienhoven of Holland, and Jules Schmidt the Swiss engineer, the result is a verdict such as has rarely if ever been brought against a nation.

Serbian soldiers, when wounded or taken prisoners, were massacred. Photographs are given of women and children murdered in cold blood. "At Dobritch, on August 16th, 1914, the soldiers of the 57th Hungarian regiment bayoneted and killed eleven or twelve children from six to twelve years of age. This was done by order of First Lieutenant Nagj," who stated that he was obeying the commands of his superiors (p. 19 of the French edition). In a hundred different villages, similar things happened. Mothers and their daughters were outraged and then mutilated and then at last murdered, often in the presence of husband and father (pp. 21, 25, 36). At Chabatz, Hungarian officers, having driven all the girls and young women into the church, violated them behind the High Altar (p. 26). In many cases, men, women and children were driven into houses and burned alive (p. 33).

"Near the railway station at Lechnitza, there is a large common pit 20 metres long, 3 metres broad, and 2 metres deep. In this pit are buried 109 peasants aged between 8 and 80. They were hostages from the neighboring villages whom the Austro-Hungarians brought to this place, where they had already begun to dig their grave. They were bound together with ropes and encircled by a wire. Then the soldiers took their places on the slope of the railway embankment, about 15 metres from the victims, and fired a volley at them. All of them fell down into the pit, and other soldiers immediately covered them with earth, without ascertaining whether they were dead or only wounded. It is certain that many of them were not mortally wounded, and some perhaps were not wounded at all, but were dragged into the grave by the others. They were buried alive. While this execution was going on, a second group of prisoners was brought up, among whom were many women, and when

the first party were shot, these poor people were forced to shout 'Long live Emperor Francis Joseph!'" (p. 34).

Professor Reiss says: "Very often the victims were mutilated before or after death. The following methods of killing and mutilating I have established by evidence: The victims were shot, killed by the bayonet, their throats were cut with knives, they were violated and then killed, stoned to death, hanged, beaten to death with the butt-end of rifles or with sticks, disemboweled, burned alive, or their legs or arms were cut or torn off, their ears or noses cut off, their eyes put out, their breasts cut off [a favorite practice of the Germans in Belgium and France], their skin cut in strips or the flesh torn from the bone; lastly, a little girl of three months was thrown to the pigs" (p. 38).

Wherever the Austro-Hungarian troops went, "furniture, wardrobes and linen which could not be carried away, were destroyed. Pictures and upholstered furniture are smashed, carpets cut to pieces, crockery broken. The walls are splashed with ink, and the soldiers have left excrement everywhere" (p. 39). "Fæcal matter was found on the tables, in the crockery, on the floor, etc." (p. 43); which also was a favorite practice of German officers and men in Belgium and France—an unthinkable bestiality of which there is endless proof.

Concluding his Report, Professor Reiss says: "What I have already written, as well as the statements of the Austro-Hungarian soldiers which I have published, show the *systematic preparation* for the massacres by officers of superior rank. The following extracts taken from a pamphlet issued by the higher command and distributed among the soldiers, afford even better proof of this preparation:

"'K. u. K. 9. Korpskommando.

"'Directions for conduct towards the population of Serbia. . . . Towards such a population all humanity and all kindness of heart are out of place; they are even harmful, for any consideration, such as it is sometimes possible to show in war, would in this case endanger our own troops. Consequently I order that during the whole course of the war, the greatest severity, the greatest harshness, and the greatest mistrust be observed towards everyone (*Ich befehle daher, dass während der ganzen Kriegerischen Aktion die grösste Strenge, die grösste Härte und das grösste Misstrauen gegen jedermann zu walten hat*)."

So it goes on, explaining in great detail the many occasions on which "no consideration is to prevent their [the inhabitants'] execution." Thus: "Every inhabitant who is found outside a village, particularly in the woods, must be looked upon as a member of a band who has hidden his weapons, which we have no time to look for. Such people are to be executed if they appear in the slightest degree suspicious" (p. 47).

And these were the orders of an Austrian General representing his Government!

When Serbia finally was overrun, through the combined efforts of Austria, Germany, and Bulgaria ("The Prussia of the Balkans"), and

when active military operations within Serbian territory ceased, the treatment of the civilian population became worse, if that were possible, instead of better.

Full information under this head can be obtained from the Serbian Relief Committee of America (70 Fifth Avenue, New York).

In a circular recently issued by that Committee, it is shown that the Bulgarians are trying to stifle the very idea and name of Serbian nationality. The use of the Serbian language is not tolerated. The Bulgarians are imposing on the entire population the Bulgarian language, religion, and name. Their aim is to denationalize and to enslave the Serbian people. They have interned all the Serbian teachers and clergymen, replacing them with Bulgarian teachers and priests. They confiscate and burn Serbian books; they destroy Serbian monuments; they remove to Bulgaria the agricultural implements, and the machinery from Serbian factories, so as to destroy the productivity of the country and to crush still further the spirit of the Serbian people. There is no cruelty or outrage which the Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians between them, are not committing, in order to attain their end, which is to turn a brave and independent people into a nation of terrorized slaves.

Every day brings further evidence that the aim and methods of Germany and her allies remain the same, and that, though they "speak with the tongues of men and of angels" about Peace, they are as dishonorable, as unscrupulous, as brutal, as they were at the beginning of the war.

Not the worst, but merely the latest illustration of this, is given in an order issued by the Bulgarian War Ministry, dated May 20th, 1917, which was published in the New York *Times* of October 6th, 1917, with some preliminary comment by the Serbian Legation, as follows:

"Not long ago, in the Vienna Parliament, Deputy Dr. V. Riber declared that the horrors of this war affected none of the Allies so terribly and gravely as the Jugoslav people. Once flourishing cities and villages are now in ruins. From the district of Nish [Serbia] alone the Bulgarians have deported more than 30,000 people to the deserts of Asia Minor. Since the times of Kossovo the Serbian people have experienced no greater catastrophe.

"Now, we are again in possession of a very important document, which illustrates the state of affairs prevailing in subjugated Serbia. This document, which was dispatched by the Bulgarian War Ministry to the Bulgarian Headquarters Staff, fell into the hands of the British Army at the Saloniki front.

"From this document, of which we give the exact translation, it is clearly to be seen that the enforced recruiting of Serbians in the Morava districts is being conducted by Bulgarians, and that when these recruits were deported to Bulgaria 'regrettable events' occurred, *i. e.*, the mutiny of the Serbian recruits in the neighborhood of Karlova, etc.

"Many of these recruits deserted. The Bulgarians punished these

deserters by whipping and hard labor. Afterward, contrary to the law of nations and The Hague Convention, these unfortunate deserters were shot, their houses burned down, their belongings confiscated, and their families deported from Serbia to Xrpali.

"The Bulgarians also armed their civil population in order to complete the extermination of the Serbian nation."

The text of this military order, which the *Times* reprinted *in extenso,* fully confirms the foregoing statements. It is signed, among others, by the Chief of the General Staff of the Bulgarian War Ministry.

. . . . . .

Are crimes committed in the Balkans too far off to seem real? But it is just such crimes, and the similar though in some ways more loathsome crimes committed in Belgium and eastern France, which the German Government and the German people long to commit in America. No home would be spared, no woman would be safe, no child but might wantonly be bayoneted.

Now or later, it must be a fight to a finish between the powers that make for righteousness and the powers that work for Hell. But if it be not finished now; if this cancer on the body of the earth be not removed to the last root now,—who will guarantee that the best of the earth's nations can again be assembled to resist her? As America was slow to come in this time, may not other nations be as slow to come in then? And meanwhile? Surely the martyrdom in Europe should warn us!

Treaties will not bind Germany. She has proved that. She will agree to anything. She will sign anything. She will go through all the motions. But "where there's a will there's a way." Her will must be changed. She must suffer until it does change. Her people must be brought to their knees. T.

(*To be continued.*)

What is peace? There is peace when there is nothing in man which strives against God.—St. Augustine.

ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

Recollection and Detachment

RECOLLECTION and Detachment are twin doctrines and are almost always mentioned together. The reason for this is simple. We cannot hope to maintain Recollection—to be recollected—if we permit ourselves to be swayed by the countless distractions which each one of us meets every minute and hour of every day. Detachment is necessary. We must guard ourselves against the pull of our senses and our emotions, and the vagaries and discursive tendency of our minds. There is a converse to this and it will require some explanation and elaboration.

Take a typical day. The need for both Recollection and Detachment begins with the first moment of waking consciousness. We are aroused, perhaps from deep sleep by an alarm clock. All the devotional books say that we should instantly turn our thoughts toward God. But we find that, instead of doing this instinctively and naturally and as a matter of course, we are much more likely to think first that it is very early; that we are very sleepy; that we got to bed late, perhaps because we were doing some altruistic work; that we can do better work if we get enough sleep and keep our body and nerves in good condition; that we can stay in bed ten minutes more if we hurry through our prayers or toilet. In a word, our minds, backed by the sensuous demands of our bodies, will give us countless excuses, and often very subtle and ingenious excuses, why we should not get up.

William James expressed an occult truth when, in his *Psychology,* he wrote that the easy way out of our usual morning struggle, is not by an effort of will, so much as by an effort of mind. He said: stop thinking about how warm your bed is, etc., etc., and think of something entirely different. If you do you will at once get up without effort or struggle. This is only a way of describing a part of what Detachment means; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it describes in part, how Detachment works. Put in the words and phrases of the religious writer, we could say that the aspirant must detach himself from the pull of his physical senses, his love of warmth and comfort, his inertia and his hatred of cold and effort. Recollection may do this. If he is going to catch a train and has only just time

enough, he will jump out of bed without delay, although perhaps with a sigh of self-pity. If he is going to do something long desired,—to see a loved friend—to accomplish a coveted end, he springs out of bed the instant he awakes, all alive and eager. Think how you felt as a child when you awoke on the morning of the circus or the picnic. The knowledge that there is going to be buckwheat cakes and sausage for breakfast, is sufficient to rouse some people from their sleeper's lethargy, while the desire for hot coffee influences a great many more persons than would like to confess to it.

The point of course is that Recollection of some motive which carries with it a mainspring of action more powerful than the pull of our lower nature, is essential, or we would sleep late every morning. Fear is often the motive,—fear of missing the train, fear that we shall be late at the office, fear that breakfast may be cold. Self-interest may furnish the motive;—ambition, anticipated pleasure, or more subtle fears, like the fear that we shall disgrace ourselves, or neglect some duty. On the other hand love may furnish the motive, as when a mother gets up many times in a night to tend her baby. Her humanity may sometimes suggest to her that it is a cold and dreary business, but on the whole she has little contest with herself, because she *wants* to do it more than she does not want to do it.

All this is Recollection;—Recollection in its most elementary form. Detachment is the deliberate freeing of ourselves from the power of the senses, until they cease to influence us, for it is obvious that we are not safe so long as right action depends upon our finding some motive which is stronger than our desire to be bad. Some day we may not find such a motive. Therefore we must not only practise Recollection, but we must attack the problem at the other end too;—we must strive earnestly and diligently to lessen the hold which our senses have upon us; we must withdraw ourselves from their control; we must detach ourselves from their allurements and entanglements; we must practise Detachment.

Recollection and Detachment, therefore, are simply two methods of accomplishing the same result,—the conquest of our lower nature. In Recollection we pull ourselves away from our lower nature by grasping something we want more. In Detachment we push ourselves away from the same lower nature because,—well, because we do not like lower nature, we do not want to be under its sway, because we fear the results of self-indulgence, or because self-interest is a stronger force, or because we love something or some one better than we do our lower selves.

It is obvious that there must be an element of Recollection in Detachment, otherwise we would not strive for Detachment; therefore we always find Recollection spoken of and inculcated first. The Rescue Mission worker knows he must awaken a desire for repentance and reform in the drunkard, before the convert will try to detach himself from the drink habit.

It must be obvious by now that Recollection and Detachment are not mere religious precepts which the aspirant after discipleship must make part of his Rule of Life: they are universal laws, on all the planes of being, and whether he knows it or not every human being in the world is under their sway. Even the deliberately wicked man is subject to them. Like all universal laws, they are entirely impersonal and impartial, though they may be given an intensely personal bearing.

The object and purpose of the disciple is to recognize the operation of these laws and, by taking advantage of that knowledge, to make them doubly or trebly productive in his own life. He cannot get away from them, but, by conscious use of them, he can get their power back of his efforts towards betterment. In other words, he can go with the current and take full advantage of its impetus.

It is, I presume, quite clear that we can practise Recollection and Detachment in order to perfect ourselves in wickedness, as well as to perfect ourselves in goodness. For our purpose, however, we may take for granted that we wish to grow, to improve, to become bigger, better, stronger, wiser, kinder, gentler, more loving, more efficient, more useful. Hardly anyone but would say, "yes," to all this. Well, we know very well, from sad experience, that it is what we call our lower nature which is in our way. The desire to be good is intermittent. Between times we follow the behests of our lower nature, which are often not actively bad, and very frequently seem entirely innocent. The desires of our higher and of our lower natures may run parallel for a time; and, as we grow, this should be more and more the case. But another condition also results. Our very progress throws our actual status into relief and accentuates the differences between higher and lower nature. The contrasts and contests tend to become more acute. Even a little lower nature will spoil a great deal of good, like a little garlic in milk; until finally, as we near perfection, it is usually some small sin, something which in an ordinary man or woman would be almost unnoticed, which not only mars our achievement, but may actually precipitate a total failure. There is no big or little when it comes to sin. Anything which is not higher nature, is poisonous and—however seemingly innocent or trivial—must be got rid of. Hence the importance of Mr. Judge's famous injunction that we should never do anything for the sake of the lower self alone. Doubtless this is a counsel of perfection, as any one who tried it for ten minutes will discover, but it is nevertheless, the ideal which must underlie our efforts.

We must conquer our lower natures completely, so that there is no lower nature left. It is a very big task indeed; not any the less difficult because, at first, we do not know the difference between lower nature and higher nature, especially at the border line where the contest rages. But that is a different subject. This section is upon Detachment, which is one, and one of the chief, methods of conquering our faults. It

assumes that we know the fault and, at least at times, want to get rid of it.

Detachment is the conscious and deliberate withdrawal of our consent to the fault. This means that we put no new power into it; but unfortunately, it does not mean that the fault will not continue to attack us with all the virulence of its stored up energy. Every time we committed the fault in the past, we gave it a part of the force which is our divine birthright as sons of God, as rays of the Over-soul. This energy, this power, must be withdrawn from the fault and taken back into the higher nature where it belongs. This is done at first by refusing to allow the fault to express itself, and is completed by cultivating the virtue of which the fault is a perverse expression. In that way we transfer the power which gave life and force to the fault, to a virtue which becomes a permanent possession of the higher nature.

The part Detachment plays in this process should be obvious. We cannot hope to make this transfer of power so long as our desires are tangled up in the fault; therefore we must cultivate detachment from the fault. What does that mean? It means that if you are a glutton, and there are very few people who are not, you must systematically cultivate an indifference to food. You must deny yourself the kinds of food you especially like and regulate rigorously the quantity you permit yourself to eat, until you observe Mr. Judge's rule and never eat anything for the sake of the lower self alone; that is, because it tastes good, or you like it. You eat because your body needs food, and you regulate what and how much you eat as systematically as you feed, let us say, your horse. You give it so many quarts of oats and so many pounds of hay, each day. You pay no attention whatever to the fact that the horse loves sugar and carrots, and at any opportunity will eat itself sick of them. You know that it will keep well and strong on oats and hay, so you give it oats and hay, and pay no attention to its desire for other things. Treat yourself exactly the same way.

No, it is not easy; and to do it at all you must become detached from food. You must cultivate indifference to it, by acting as if you were indifferent to it, until you actually do become indifferent to it. Or perhaps you are already indifferent to what you eat. Some fortunate people are. If so, let us take some other weakness as an illustration. Let us assume that you are not above criticizing your acquaintances and friends, and are a bit of a gossip. Perhaps you do not actually enjoy a scandal, but you can contemplate the weaknesses of others with entire equanimity, if not with a certain relish. Most people can. Now that, as a matter of fact, is a perfectly horrid fault, and comes straight from the lowest depths of Hell. It is only a devil who is malignant enough to gloat over the sins of others, and in so far as you have that tendency, you partake of the nature of the devil. Now, do you not want to be detached from such a sin? Of course you do. Well, the way to begin is to deny its least expression. Recollection comes into

play here, for you cannot hope to stop so ingrained a habit unless you are on perpetual guard, and remember constantly that you think it abominable to get satisfaction from the contemplation of, and the talking about, the weaknesses of others. After you make some progress in overcoming your evil tendency, you can add the next and necessary stage to the process and cultivate deliberately the qualities of sympathy, tolerance and charity, which are, perhaps, the antitheses of your fault. This gives an outlet to the force in the fault and prevents it from going back into the fault when you deny it expression.

Every manifestation of the lower nature has to be treated in this same manner. They all have to be killed out and transmuted into higher nature. There is no other way. It may seem a soggy prospect, and if the contest is played with, it is soggy, for a half-way, or partial treatment is hell. On the other hand to start and to prosecute such a struggle with fire and energy is a perpetual joy and a succession of victories, each one leaving us stronger, better, happier, freer than before.

C. A. G.

The one misery of man is self-will, the one secret of blessedness is the conquest over our own wills. To yield them up to God is rest and peace. What disturbs us in this world is not "trouble," but our opposition to trouble. The true source of all that frets and irritates, and wears away our lives, is not in external things, but in the resistance of our wills to the will of God expressed by external things.—Alexander MacLaren.

REVIEWS

The Heliotropium, or Conformity of the Human Will to the Divine, from the Latin of Jeremias Drexelius; published by the Devin-Adair Co., New York, 1917.

This book was first published in Latin in 1627. The author was one of the most distinguished ascetical writers of Germany in the seventeenth century. He was born at Augsburg in 1581; became court preacher at Münich, and died in 1638. His writings were immensely popular. Of one treatise alone, 20,400 copies were disposed of in Münich before the year 1642; while the total sale of his various writings is said to have reached the astonishing figure of 170,700 copies.

To the student of Theosophy *The Heliotropium*—"turning to the Sun"—will be of particular interest and value. In Christian terms, its teaching is exactly the same as that which the *Bhagavad Gîta* emphasizes in chapters showing that all things originate in the Supreme, and that good fortune and ill, health and sickness, wealth and poverty should be accepted as expressions of the divine will for us. The doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma explain the operation of justice and wisdom and love in the distribution of inner characteristics and outer events. But there are many who believe theoretically in Karma who fail utterly to accept its decrees as evidence of divine compassion. Drexelius would help them to do this.

The book is full of excellent stories, illustrative of the author's points. We quote one of these at length, as a fair sample of the book:

"There was once upon a time an eminent Divine who for eight years besought God with unwearied prayers to show him a man by whom he might be taught the most direct way to heaven. One day, when he was possessed of an unconquerable desire to converse with such a man, and wished for nothing so much as to see a teacher of truth so hidden, he thought that he heard a voice coming to him from heaven, which gave him this command:—'Go to the porch of the church, and you will find the man you seek.'

"Accordingly he went into the street, and at the door of the church he found a beggar whose legs were covered with ulcers running with corruption, and whose clothes were scarcely worth threepence. The Divine wished him good day. To whom the beggar replied,—'I do not remember that I ever had a bod one.' Whereupon the man of letters, as if to amend his former salutation, said,—'Well, then, God send you good fortune.' 'But I never had any bad fortune,' answered the beggar. The Divine was astonished at this reply, but repeated his wish, in case he might have made a mistake in what he heard, only in somewhat different words:—'Say you so I pray, then, that you may be happy.' But again the beggar replied,—'I never was unhappy.' The Divine, thinking that the beggar was playing upon words merely for the sake of talking, answered, in order to try the man's wit,—'I desire that whatever you wish may happen to you.' 'And here, also,' he replied, 'I have nothing to complain of. All things turn out according to my wishes, although I do not attribute my success to fortune.'

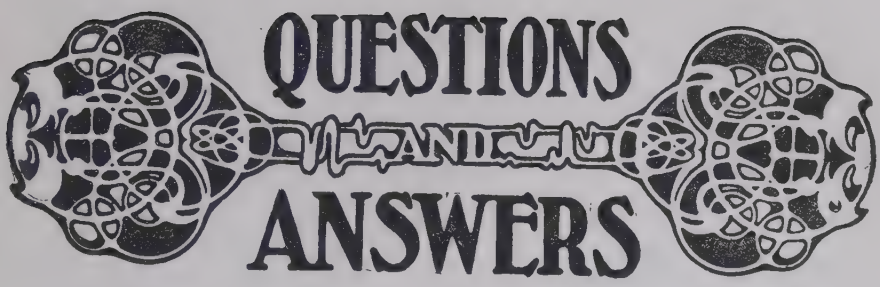
"Upon this the man of letters, saluting him afresh, and taking his leave, said:—'May God preserve you, my good man, since you hate fortune! But tell me, I pray, are you alone happy among mortals who suffer calamity? If so, Job speaks safely when he declares,—"Man born of a woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries." And how comes it that you alone have escaped all

evil days? I do not fully understand your feelings.' To this the beggar replied,—'It is so, sir, as I have said. When you wished me a "good day," I denied that I had ever had a bad one. I am perfectly contented with the lot which God has assigned me in this world. Not to want happiness is my happiness. Those bugbears, Fortune and Misfortune, hurt him only who wills, or at least who fears, to be hurt by them. Never do I offer my prayers to Fortune, but to my Heavenly Father Who disposes the events of all things. And so I say I never was unhappy, inasmuch as all things turn out according to my wishes. If I suffer hunger, I praise my most provident Father for it. If cold pinches me, if the rain pours down upon me, or if the sky inflicts upon me any other injury, I praise God just the same. When I am a laughing-stock to others, I no less praise God. For sure I am that God is the Author of all these things, and that whatever God does must be the best. Therefore, whatever God either gives, or allows to happen, whether it be pleasant or disagreeable, sweet or bitter, I esteem alike, for all such things I joyfully receive as from the hand of a most loving Father; and this one thing I will—what God wills. And so all things happen as I will. Miserable is the man who believes that Fortune has any power against him; and truly unhappy is he who dreams of some imaginary unhappiness in this world. This is true happiness in this life, to cleave as closely as possible to the Divine Will. The Will of God, His most excellent, His most perfect Will, which cannot be made more perfect, and cannot be evil, judges concerning all things, but nothing concerning it. To follow this Will I bestow all my care. To this one solicitude I devote myself with all my might, so that whatever God wills, this I also may never refuse to will. And, therefore, I by no means consider myself unhappy, since I have so entirely transfused my own will into the Divine, that with me there is no other *will or not will* than as God wills or wills not.'

"'But do you really mean what you say?' asked the Divine; 'tell me, I pray, whether you would feel the same if God had decreed to cast you down to hell?' To which the beggar at once replied,—'If He should cast me down to hell? But know that I have two arms of wondrous strength, and with these I should hold him tightly in an embrace that nothing could sever. One arm is the lowliest humility shown by the oblation of self, the other, purest charity shown by the love of God. With these arms I would so entwine myself round God, that wherever He might banish me, thither would I draw Him with me. And far more desirable, in truth, would it be to be out of heaven with God, than in heaven without Him,' The Divine was astonished at this reply, and began to think with himself that this was the shortest path to God.

"But he felt anxious to make further inquiry, and to draw forth into sight the wisdom which dwelt in such an ill-assorted habitation; and so he asked,—'Whence have you come hither?' 'I came from God,' replied the beggar. To whom again the Divine,—'And where did you find God?' 'Where I forsook all created things.' Again the Divine asked,—'But where did you leave God?' 'In men of pure minds and goodwill,' replied the poor man. 'Who are you?' said the Divine. 'Whoever I am,' he replied, 'I am so thoroughly contented with my lot that I would not change it for the riches of all kings. Every one who knows how to rule himself is a king.' 'Am I, then, to understand that you are a king?' said the other. 'Where is your kingdom?' 'There,' said the beggar, and at the same time pointed with his finger toward heaven. 'He is a king to whom that kingdom on high is transferred by sure deeds of covenant.' At last the Divine, intending to bring his questions to an end, said,—'Who has taught you this? Who has instilled these feelings into you?' To which the other replied,—'I will tell you, Sir. For whole days I do not speak, and then I give myself up entirely to prayer or holy thoughts, and this is my only anxiety, to be as closely united as possible to God. Union and familiar acquaintance with God and the Divine Will teach all this.'

"The theologian wished to ask more questions, but thinking it would be better to postpone this to another time, took his leave for the present. As he went away, full of thought, he said to himself,—'Lo! thou hast found one who will teach thee the shortest way to God! How truly does S. Augustine say,—"The unlearned start up and take heaven by violence, and we with our learning, and without heart, lo! where we wallow in flesh and blood!" And so Christ, when giving thanks says,—'I confess to thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' Beneath a filthy garment, forsooth, great wisdom often lies concealed. And who would think of seeking for such Divine learning in a man of so mean an appearance? Who would believe that so much of the Spirit was hidden under such unlettered simplicity? Lo! those two arms of unconquerable strength, *Oblation of Self* and *Love of God*, draw God withersoever this poor man wills! With these arms God permits Himself to be closely bound; other embraces He refuses.'"



QUESTION No. 215.—*Is not reincarnation almost as painful to think of as annihilation, in that in future lives we will not remember or recognize those whom we love today?*

ANSWER.—How do we know that we do not recognize today those whom we have loved before? Personally I believe we do. Is not that more real than to think we love those whom we have been thrown against by the accidents of a single life? But it is said that our associations are divinely guided. Is this different in essence from the doctrine of reincarnation? Which is it easier to believe—that a God moves us like wooden chessmen, or that the divine element in ourselves seeks out an environment with those whom we love? Is it "annihilation" to look forward to close association—and association in love—with the added experience of life by life for our soul-memory, and the cleansing of the slate for the mere animal memory? G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—The doctrine of reincarnation has never troubled me because Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus,* gave me the key to it. What is it that is really "I"? Is it not something indestructible like the sense of identity that now, in my fifty-sixth year, persists, after the many mental changes of an active life? I think of my reincarnations as *clothes.* In the attic, at home, are still kept my baby clothes and my first soldier suit. I can still remember the day I put on the (toy) soldier suit. I am the same "I" today as the "I" of fifty-one years ago. I am wearing different clothes today; so are my friends. My present day clothes do not recognize the costumes worn by my friends thirty years ago. But "I" recognize both the friends and the costumes. J. W. O.

ANSWER.—This question reminds me of the fact that we do not remember anything from our birth up to the age of three to five years old. Surely we loved, in our own way, our mother and father and nurse. We clung to them and felt happy and safe in their arms. The nurse left perhaps, before we were four years old, and we forgot her entirely. In some cases the father or the mother too is lost at that early age. Later we may not even remember that we ever saw them. Does this fact make our later life miserable or bring us to wish that we had never been born?

When the child grows older and begins to exhibit some power of memory and reason, it feels unhappy with the thought of leaving those it loves, or of losing them; and it may even wish to die with them. But time passes, and experience shows that these heartbreaking pangs were temporary moods only, as they are later in life too at the loss of one very dear to us. We still remember the beloved friends that are no more at our side, but the memory of the happy time spent with them causes no distress any longer,—is more like a lovely dream we once had. Does this recollection of the lost dear-ones ever make us feel so wretched as to prefer annihilation to continued life? Certainly not. Is it the confidence in meeting again at the resurrection that pacifies our minds and makes us again enjoy our present life perhaps even more than before the great loss? In some cases it may be, but not as a rule. Changes in moods are effects of

changes in time, surroundings and circumstances. We are outgrowing childhood, youth, old enjoyments, old sorrows, old memories; and new enjoyments, sorrows, memories are replacing them. We find other companions that take the empty places; we are again happy with new friends, embracing new dear-ones.

Let us not be narrow-minded and confine our conception of human life to one single incarnation. If we consider a long series of incarnations as the days of the soul, and compare them with the days of our present incarnation, surely we must come to the conclusion that we are much worse off in the days of our present life-time than in the days of the soul's life-time, in which we do not remember the events of the past days. In this connection it seems befitting to quote the following advice of the Christian Master: "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow; for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Instead of regarding it an unbearable loss not to remember the details of our last incarnation we should find it a blessing. To remember everything about our last incarnation would, to many of us, be a source of no end of miseries; and to all it would mean a great hindrance in pursuing just that course of training which is wanted by the soul.

Therefore, instead of questioning the wisdom and perfection of the great evolutionary scheme moulded in the Divine Mind before time was, and overruled by the presiding Deity, we should study the doctrine of reincarnation well and try to understand its significance and necessity. And having realized its grandeur to some extent, and that every incarnation is a new opportunity given us for our salvation—for the soul's liberation from the bondage of matter—then we can indeed celebrate the first and all succeeding birthdays of our present incarnation with exultant hearts, overflowing with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for all his mercy and love for an ungrateful generation. T. H. K.

ANSWER.—It would be quite as painful without the doctrine of love. The many instances of "love-at-first-sight" and strong almost inexplicable affections (such as are described in Guy de Maupassant's story called "Love") are proof to me that though our minds have forgotten and do not recognize the clothes or physical bodies,—have lost the conscious memory of the other pilgrim, the love of the two souls is but a continuation of the love and companionship of innumerable lives.

"Love is the strongest bond in the universe." If we really believed this it seems to me we would have to believe in its power to draw together those who truly love one another—when one takes this thought forward into the lives to come —all sting, indeed, is taken from death. T. M.

QUESTION No. 216.—*I have heard it said that individual help can only be given in response to a demand. Do not the Masters give individual help in response to a great need even when there has been no demand and when it can not be said that the person helped is living in any sense according to the laws of the spirit? Would not a desperate situation call down help from Masters if there were no special merit—whether of sacrifice or spiritual living or incipient discipleship?*

ANSWER.—A genuine "need" is a demand; and the genuine needs of mankind —of *all* mankind—are supplied by the Masters perpetually. But it should not be forgotten that the genuine need may be the need of punishment; that is, of purification, for without pain, there is no purification. And the Masters may deliberately administer that pain, to bring the purification.

We are too inclined to think that the work of a Saviour is to remove pain, to guard us from pain. But there is good authority for exactly the opposite belief: "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent. . . ." C. J.

ANSWER.—Surely it depends on what is a real need. Is not such a real need a demand? *Light on the Path* speaks of the ordinary man asking with his mind

only: but when there is a real need the whole life of the man cries out and makes the demand even if it be voiceless or beyond the brain-mind. And it is just such vital demands which are active on the plane of consciousness where the Masters work and where such demands are always heard. Whether individual help can be given is entirely another matter and depends on the justice of Karma. The Masters are always ready to help when They can: but we place ourselves in "desperate situations" and tie Their hands so that They cannot help; we prevent the help They would gladly give from reaching us. But in reply to the last part of the question, I should think that the demand would be the effect of special merit in some former incarnation. Otherwise I think there could be no demand.

A. K.

ANSWER.—It might be helpful to the questioner to consider this series of questions from the viewpoint of reincarnations instead of the single life hypothesis. How dare we deny "special merit" unless we know what has happened in the past? Indeed how dare we deny "special merit" when we see only the outside of things. Does prayer have to be vocalized? Is the soul in anguish limited to the expression of a physical demand? And may not help be given through the mediation and advocacy of another—perhaps the Master or some one of "special merit" ready to ransom us for love's sake? As an abstract matter there must be a demand but as a practical matter it is doubtful if we are fitted to judge whether a demand has been made or whether merit exists in ourselves or others. G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—Bourget closes his recent book, *Le Sens de la Mort* with these words: "When we feel that God has dropped out of things, in reality He is quite near us." Is there only one form in which a demand can be made? Are there not *acts,* which involve and imply a demand? The action of France toward the religious Orders may be such an act—an unwillingness, on the part of the national conscience, any longer to tolerate religious institutions into the veins of which the Vatican virus had been introduced. It was a loss France brought upon herself, thus to break with her traditional faith. Was not a demand for something more genuine involved? May that demand be receiving its answer in the present war which, by illustrating devotion and self-sacrifice, is bringing France once more to recognize realities, and the genuine religion that she needs? A. W.

ANSWER.—Remember that the Masters are the executors of the Law and not its opposers. Through love for mankind they have consecrated their whole life to its welfare. They are acting impartially and always on principles and in accordance with the Law. Thus, in the case of a great need they give what help they can without regard to the worthiness of the man in a desperate situation. Meanwhile, they can, of course, give immensely more help to the good man than to the sinner, not because the first is a favorite, but since the Law permits it. And since the desperate situation may be brought on by the Law in order to give a highly wanted lesson, and to promote the welfare of the one in need, it would be the opposite of charity to help, till the Law is fulfilled. But the Masters are keeping a watchful eye on the case and are always ready to help, when help is a blessing.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—Masters may give help for many reasons. They are always trying to reach souls and a special need may be a special opportunity. Help may also come as the Karma of past lives, the fruit of good deeds done ages ago of which we have now no conscious knowledge. We are the sum total of all our experience, not of one life only. Or help may be given because of a man's position involving the need of others, perhaps the need of a nation. Or again it may be given through the prayers or the vicarious atonement of others.

But what do we mean by a "desperate situation?" If there has been *no* merit, *no* living in accordance with spiritual laws, now or in the past, there would be no

individual in the real sense, only a mass of swaying desires. No situation that concerned only such an elemental self could be really desperate at all.

B. M. H.

QUESTION No. 217.—*In reading Mr. Johnston's "From the Upanishads" and reaching the paragraph beginning "If the slayer thinks to slay it, if the slain thinks it is slain," I recalled at once Emerson's poem Brahma whose opening lines are almost identical. One line of that poem has always been a mystery to me: "And one to me are shame and fame." It seems wholly out of key with the rest of the poem. I should appreciate an explanation?*

ANSWER.—Zeno, one of the ancient Greek philosophers, taught that the soul is the only reality, and that everything that happens in life is an opportunity for the soul to prove its power. Thus, health and disease, poverty and wealth are such opportunities. Can we not see that good repute and ill repute are similar opportunities? Ought not the soul to stand unshaken either by shame or by fame, extracting from both the lesson which is there? S. M.

ANSWER.—Does it not mean that one who strives to live the life of the soul, to tread the Path of discipleship, must be prepared to follow that Path whether it lead to shame or fame in the eyes of men? There are many parallels to that passage. For instance, *Light on the Path,* the end of the third comment, page 68, " . . . there is neither credit, glory or reward to be gained by this first task which is given to the neophyte. Mystics have always been sneered at, and seers disbelieved." Obviously the neophyte would not hesitate through fear of the shame of being sneered at. Shame or fame would be all one to him if it were his Master's will. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." (Matt. 5:11) The same spirit is to be found throughout the Bhagavad Gita. To quote one passage out of many: "Standing in union with the Soul, carry out thy work, putting away attachment. O conqueror of wealth; equal in success and failure, for equalness is called union with the Soul." J. M.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PACIFIC BRANCH, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July, 1917.

To the Chairman Executive Committee, T. S.,
and Editor THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:

Whatever our personal predilections may be, or whatever the star, as it were, by which we each are inwardly guided, we all with one accord, looked Eastward on the morning of the Convention day.

By mutual confession, our first thought and mental questioning upon arising may well be epitomised into: "What of the day? What is the watchword for the coming Society year?"

Whilst outwardly, at this distance from you, the Convention assembly may have seemed to us a long way off, and hardly discernable in the scene of active outward life and striving, that the thought of New York City suggests to us; yet inwardly we felt we were with you, breathing, shall we say, the same sacramental inner vitalizing airs, sharing with you the inner life atmosphere, you in New York have done so much to create. So that the QUARTERLY's Convention report, which has just reached us, not only throws a bright light upon outward things, it also records our deep convictions.

We, the undersigned, therefore desire collectively to declare to you, in more or less formal way, our individual approval of the preamble and resolutions, relative to President Wilson's war message, and the entry of America into the war, which were presented to the Convention by the Committee on Resolutions, and unofficially voted upon and passed by individual members of the Society then assembled. And we ask that our own individual indorsement of that preamble and resolutions be herewith added to the votes of those members then and there given.

Although we judge that the rejected preamble and resolutions, submitted by Mr. C. A. Griscom, really and more fittingly expressed the thought and feeling, and intentions of the members who so voted, as it does our own. We would further like you to know that we also appreciate the very necessary new rule which provides for the protection of the Society by expulsion, if needs be, of an unprincipled member.

As you doubtless well understand, we merely record our own personal convictions. Neither do we intend them to commit the Society or our Branch, in any way in matters of belief. Nor should it in any way hinder a like free expression of a different opinion by other members. With you, we realize that each one is free to choose in such matters, and we heartily thank you and the members in New York for the fearless, outspoken, and instructive lead you have taken.

We remain very sincerely yours, and with all good wishes for the ensuing year, as ever.

WALTER H. BOX,
ALFRED L. LEONARD,
ERIK BLAKKEN,
AGNES GOOD,
M. ELLA PATERSON,
JULIA M. BOX,
AGNES C. ELWING.

ADDENDA

If to this the writer may add an after-thought on the Convention proceedings as a whole, and select from among the many good things then said, a sentence which seems to him to express more nearly the Convention's keynote, or the watch-word for the coming Society year, it is, "Victory for the Soul of the nation!"

For, as he believes, high above all else, by every war move and paramount commercial and political issue, the Souls of the Nations, the potential spiritual life of their peoples, of the neutral and belligerent nations alike, are being weighed as in a balance by the present conflict; more searchingly than at any other time in the history of the Caucasian races.

I gather from what I recall of Theosophical writings that the times in which we live are essentially a period of transition. It is a point in our spiritual evolution the thought of which brings to mind with added force and meaning Shakespeare's simile of fortune's floodtide in the affairs of men, which, if "omitted" or allowed to fail of its purpose in life's voyage, binds men in shallows, and in miseries.

For potential power and its far-reaching effect upon the future, and in its inner and outer workings, in most all save the elements of human self-effort and responsibility, the present time is said very closely to correspond to the periods of evolutionary change and new beginnings in nature. Such times, for example, as when Nature's Master Builders, living and all unseen on her inner secretive planes, and with nature's vast purposes in view, give inner birth to those invisible nuclei of life which afterward, in due course of nature's living fostering processes, spring up into outer nature as new crystalline formations, or new species of flora, or animal life, the origins of which, science on the outside so diligently but vainly seeks; and when, we are told, the same Master-hand gives to each such hidden nucleus of plastic germinal life, and potential life qualities, its predominant characteristics, and the necessary impulse withal to carry the fittest amongst its countless variations to perfection.

In other words, in the evolution of the race as a whole, our time and age is essentially the birth hour for certain soul qualities within us, if not for the Soul Itself.

By every seen and unseen token and factor of this decisive struggle; by the right guidance of world leaders, or by their perfidy and inhumanity, "will to power," and abuse of intellectual attainments and gifts of inner life, as by the responsive beats and impulses of the hearts and minds of the people, both high and low; by our every effort and incentive, in all that we think and feel and do, and by the help of Master hands in this common hour of trial,—future standards of human life and conduct are in the making.

In this hour of travail, midst thunders of human strife, and in the twilight and silence of the human soul, dominent chords and dissonances, as it were, of human life and possibility are being sounded, to re-sound and live again in centuries and periods to come as the fundamental principles upon which future civilizations will be built, for the Soul's final victory or defeat.

And for our own country, to which it was given to declare a "New Order of Ages," we pray that its peace, whatever the outward seeming, may in a measure be as the peace the Master gives to the struggling disciple, a peace which comes not only with victory, but with deeper inner understanding and the will to obey; though we pass through sorrow and suffering, inner and outer privation and want, and the gates of death, as some have done, guided continuously by the Master's Light.

A. E. O.